

THE THEATRE

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ARTHUR HORNBLOW, Editor

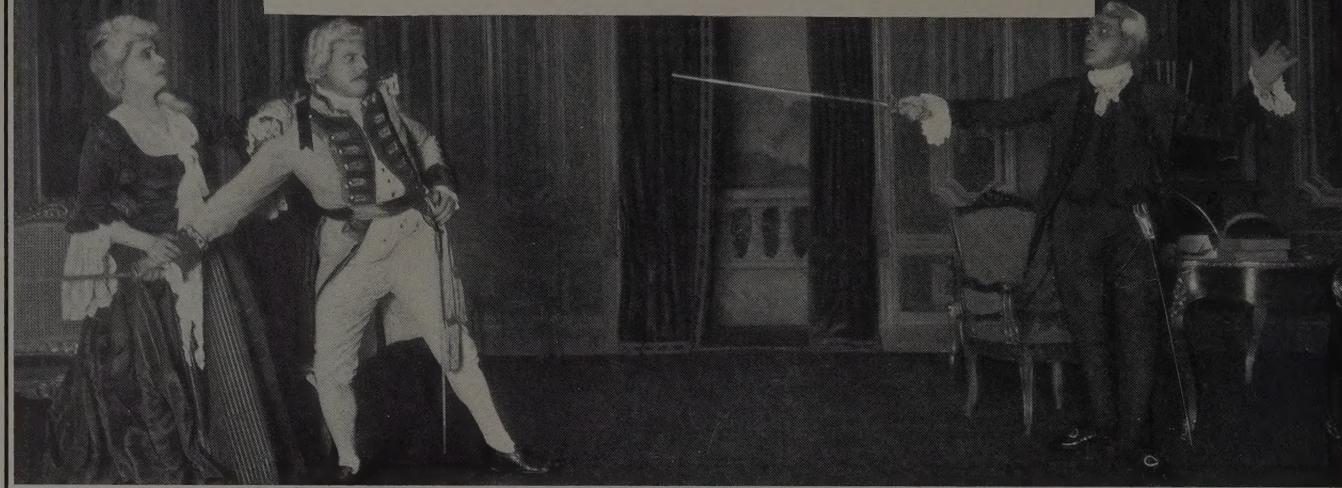


Sarony

WILLIAM GILLETTE

This popular actor-playwright, who has recently returned from England, began his American tour in his new play "Clarice" in Boston on Christmas night. When this tour is ended Mr. Gillette will become a stock star in one of Charles Frohman's New York theatres, and he will not only act, but he will be the stage manager of the house, will be responsible for the productions that are made and will also assist in selecting the plays

PLAYS OF THE MONTH



SCENE IN THE STAGE VERSION OF WINSTON CHURCHILL'S NOVEL "THE CROSSING" AT DALY'S THEATRE

THE fortnight's visit (December 11th to 23d) of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt at the Lyric Theatre, proved the artistic, popular and financial sensation of New York's present dramatic season. The fact that this was announced as the farewell American tour of the world's greatest living actress may have influenced our impressionable public. Her veritable royal progress, from one town to another, has been "featured" in the daily press. Whatever the reason, it is certain that the eminent French artiste has enjoyed a substantial triumph unprecedented in any of her three previous appearances in the United States. And, it must be acknowledged, she has "made good" in a manner nothing short of marvelous, considering her accredited age of sixty-one years. She is still "the divine Sarah," of the voice of gold—in technique the foremost exponent of modern academic culture in the drama; in temperament an embodied genius of sentiment and passion; a chameleon-like human creature of fire and air, an essence of woman-spirit in every infinite mood, the eternal child, impervious to time, and the perennial priestess of an immortal art, destined to take permanent rank with the queens and notable women of history, so many of whom she has impersonated in her day.

Mme. Bernhardt's two-weeks' programme at the Lyric embraced sixteen performances—twelve evenings and four matinées—in the course of which she appeared in ten different plays, as follows: Sardou's "La Sorcière," "Fédora," and "La Tosca"; Dumas' "La Dame aux Camélias" and "La Femme de Claude"; Victor Hugo's "Angelo, Tyrant of Padua"; The Daudet-Belot version of "Sapho"; Sudermann's "Magda"; Racine's "Phèdre," and her own recent version of Scribe's and Legouvé's "Adrienne Lecouvreur." In addition to this formidable répertoire, she found time and strength, between afternoon social receptions and midnight entertainments after the play, to appear at the Casino benefit for the Russian Hebrews, on which occasion she produced a new one-act playlet entitled "L'Escalette," by an American author.

Of the three novelties—"Angelo," "Adrienne," and "La Sorcière"—the last was decidedly the most picturesque and interesting. True, Mrs. Patrick Campbell brought an English version of this piece to the New Amsterdam Theatre last season—but it was no more like the genuine Sardou-Sarah product than British beer is like sparkling Burgundy. The love and martyrdom of Zoraya, the Moorish enchantress of

Toledo, involved in the melodramatic horrors of the Spanish Inquisition, with infallible Sardou craftsmanship, gave the actress full scope for the exercise of her seductive powers in languorous pose and diction, succeeded by impetuous rage and denunciation, fiery courage, and the noble resignation of tragic despair. "Angelo," a musty poetic tragedy of Victor Hugo's most stilted period as dramatist, proved of little value, save as a medium for that rich, flawless, melodious reading of alexandrine verse, in which this conservatoire-trained artiste has never been rivalled. The new Bernhardt version of "Adrienne" was more effective, throwing the central figure into high relief throughout, and supremely so in the famous confrontation with the Duchesse de Bouillon, in the third act. "La Dame aux Camélias," with all its frayed and tawdry sentimentality, provided one of the thrills of surprise in which Mme. Bernhardt's brief engagement abounded. She so amplified and illuminated the pathetic sweetness which, after all, lies at the bottom of poor Marguerite Gauthier's womanly nature, that both the actress herself, and her by no means unsophisticated New York audience, dreamed through the closing scenes in a mist of tears. One could not help feeling that it was in some sense a farewell to good old "Camille," as well as to

Sarah Bernhardt, whose splendid art alone can galvanize the wornout piece into a momentary gasp of life to-day. Of "Sapho," of "Fédora," of "Magda," and the rest, naught can be said here, save that each successive rôle revealed new wonders of Mme. Bernhardt's resources in physical vitality, spiritual exuberance, artistic and technical skill—the latter shown no less strikingly in her moments of unrestrained emotion, than in the way she saved herself for those great moments, and led up to them, at the least possible expense of effort.

Let it be added, to her everlasting credit, that in a supporting company including MM. De Max, Deceur, Piron and Deneubourg, and Mmes. Mea, Barbier, Perrot, Cerdá, Alisson and Maclean, Mme. Bernhardt has surrounded herself with artistes well worthy of the distinguished association. M. de Max, who has long been an idol of the Paris public, is an actor of distinction and no little magnetism. Miss Maclean, whose work in "La Sorcière" was very favorably commented upon, is an American girl with good looks and talent. She will remain on our stage after Mme. Bernhardt's departure.



MEDALLION OF SARAH BERNHARDT
(by René Lalique)

HERALD SQUARE. "THE LABYRINTH." Play in four acts by Paul Hervieu. Produced November 27 with this cast: Marianne, Olga Nethersole; Max de Pogis, Hamilton Revelle; M. Vilard-Duval, William Farren; Madame Vilard-Duval, Louise Moodie; George le Breuil, Hubert Carter; Hubert de St. Eric, Charles Quartermaine; Paulette de St. Eric, Dorothy Grimston; Madame de Pogis, Cicely Richards; The Doctor, Harry Dodd.

Olga Nethersole was not very happy in her choice of a play for her reappearance before the American public. "The Labyrinth" is well named. The play is one of those puzzling mazes in which one becomes hopelessly involved. Its author, Paul Hervieu, is a French dramatist of note. He is also an *immortel*, which really does not mean much since neither of those literary giants Flaubert or Zola was admitted to the Academy's sacred precincts. M. Hervieu, however, is something more than an Academician. He is a skillful dramatist and a thoughtful one. Like the younger Dumas, he is fond of propounding problems. Each of his plays contains either a moral lesson or a sociological conundrum. "The Labyrinth" belongs to the problem class and it proved such an entangled problem that the author had to kill off both his leading men to reach any kind of a solution. And even then the riddle was not answered.

This riddle is: Should a man and woman, once married, ever divorce, no matter what is the provocation, supposing there is issue of their union? The French law says they may; the Roman Catholic Church says they may not. M. Hervieu apparently agrees with the Church. Marianne de Pogis is happily married and has a son. She is devoted to husband and child. M. de Pogis, however, has a temperament that leads him to forget his marital contract. His wife sues for divorce and gets it; he remarries George le Breuil, but soon finds that it is her first husband she truly loves. Then there is the child, an indissoluble link between her and De Pogis. The child contracts diphtheria. Its life is threatened. In what they fear is the death chamber the mother and father come face to face, but the crisis is passed safely, the child will live. Marianne now avoids De Pogis, and he

forces his way into her bedroom, and declares that he has never ceased to love her. She has no strength to resist, and the curtain falls—happily—on this equivocal situation. Marianne is now between two fires. She is married to a man she does not love, and she loves a man she may not lawfully encourage, albeit he is the father of her child.

There is only one way out. The husbands must be killed and she remain a widow. So M. Hervieu cuts this Gordian knot by having them quarrel and fall over a precipice.

The play is talky and its third act is unnecessarily salacious. It would have been more artistic to have had De Pogis and Marianne become reconciled, earnestly and gravely, by the sick-bed of their child rather than have Marianne do a disrobing act and in her nightgown make an exhibition of sensual passion which, under the harrowing circumstances, was merely disgusting. Miss Nethersole, finished an actress as she is in many respects, appeals more to the voluptuous than to the truly artistic sense. Take, for example, her performance of Carmen where the realistic kissing of Don José is made the feature of the play. As Marianne she did not once suggest the outraged wife and mother, but in the scene with De Pogis in Act III, when the sensuous woman cries out her hunger for the passion that men call love, she

was very human, very convincing. But the play will hardly do.

GARRICK. "THE MARRIAGE OF WILLIAM ASHE." Play in five acts, dramatized by Margaret Mayo. Produced November 21 with this cast: William Ashe, H. Reeves-Smith; Geoffrey Cliffe, Ben Webster; Lord Parham, W. J. Constantine; Lord Groserville, Fred W. Sidney; Eddie Helston, Mortimer H. Weldon; The Little Dean, Alfred Woods; Ludwig, George Franklin; Richard, Frank Wilson; Lady Kitty Bristol, Grace George; Lady Parham, Katherine Stewart; Lady Tramore, Maud Williamson; Mary Lyster, Davenport Seymour; Lady Groserville, Mrs. Reginald Carrington; Blanche, Leona Radnor.

A play made from a successful novel must always turn out more or less of a disillusion, no matter how skilfully the dramatist may have done his or her work. The laws that govern books and plays are diametrically opposed. A novel owes much of its vogue to its pen pictures and analyses of character. Neither of these



Sarony

SARAH BERNHARDT IN "LA SAMARITAINE"



HENRIETTA CROSMAN

Now appearing in Eugene Presbrey's piece "Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary"

Margaret Mayo, who made the dramatization, has done excellent work. The story is told well; the play holds the interest to the end. In short, it is one of those all too rare book plays where you don't have to read the novel to know what it's all about. But the real surprise of the production was the admirable performance given by Grace George, who has now shown us that she not only has beauty, but that she can act. It would be difficult to imagine a daintier Lady Kitty, all of whose little tricks of speech, saucy ways and petulant moods the actress depicted to the life. It was Lady Kitty Ashe, not perhaps a character we care much about, but an amusing, unconventional one, which we saw living in the flesh. It was an artistic performance, studied and elaborated to the smallest detail. The impromptu supper with the dirty yellow cur, her mincing steps in the spangled dress in insolent defiance of the scandalized Parhams, the appeal to her maid in the "cutest" of French, the sense of mortification at her husband's righteous anger—all this was capitally done. Miss George's slight, almost frail physique places a certain limit on her emotional powers, but in her serious moods, she never fails to strike the human note, and there is a pathetic quality in her voice that goes to the heart. The last scene with her husband was touchingly and tenderly rendered. She is, however, essentially a comedienne. Her comedy at present lacks breadth, a fault which time and experience will correct, but it has spontaneity and irresistible charm. Throughout, her work is marked by keen intelligence and there is a wistfulness in all she does that is very attractive and which is potent in arousing and holding the interest and sympathy of her audiences.

Reeves-Smith played William Ashe with authority, and Ben Webster was an acceptable Geoffrey Cliffe. Katherine Stewart gave a life-like characterization of Lady Parham, and Miss Davenport Seymour was a discreet Lady Mary. Mr.

features can be used to any extent in a play which must appeal by the strength of its situations and the humanity of its personages. Nobody is very human in "The Marriage of William Ashe," this story of a British statesman who commits the blunder of marrying an unconventional girl who is always doing the wrong thing. How many of Mrs. Humphry Ward's characters are human or sympathetic? Certainly, Lady Kitty is not, although it may be said at once that as impersonated by Grace George she is a more lovable young woman than as originally created by the novelist. Miss George has succeeded in making a human being of the wilful child-wife, and in the final scene, where she dies in the arms of the husband who never really understood her, there was hardly a dry eye in the house.

The piece failed to please metropolitan audiences, yet it deserves to prosper, for it is ably acted and elaborately staged. Mar-

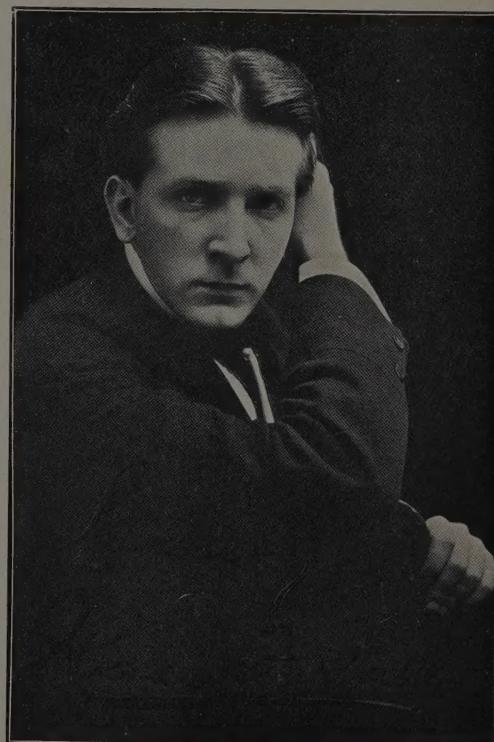
Brady has staged the piece richly and tastefully, the Venetian scene being especially well done. The mechanical effects worked badly on the opening night, and a horse, whose hoofs clattered clumsily, was eagerly seized upon by the comic critics for columns of humorous comment. Space must be cheap these days!

LYCEUM. "THE LION AND THE MOUSE." A play in four acts, by Charles Klein. Produced November 20, with this cast:

Eudoxia, Sadie Stringham; Rev. Pontifex Deetle, Edward See; Jane Deetle, Margaret Gray; Mrs. Rossmore, Julia Hanchett; Miss Nesbitt, Carolyn Elberts; Judge Rossmore, Walter Allen; Ex-Judge Stott, Frazer Coulter; Expressman, James T. McDonald; Toby Ricketts, Augustin Daly Wilks; Shirley Rossmore, Grace Elliston; Jefferson Ryder, Richard Bennett; Hon. Fitzroy Bagley, Martin Sabine; Jorkins, James Stone; Senator Roberts, E. A. Eberle; Kate Roberts, Marion Pollock Johnson; Mrs. John Burkett Ryder, Marguerite St. John; John Burkett Ryder, Edmund Breese; Maid, Ruth Richmond.

These days of frenzied finance when our millionaires are arraigned at the bar of public opinion and asked the embarrassing question, "Where did you get it?" such plays as "The Lion and the Mouse" must have more than ordinary interest for the theatre-goer. The prototype of its leading male character—the man of millions who allows nothing, not his own honor, not even a man's life to stand between him and his financial schemes—is said to be John D. Rockefeller. As a matter of fact, the actor is made up more to resemble H. H. Rogers. The allusions in the lines are unmistakable. It is safe to say that Standard Oil, as pictured so vigorously by Mr. Lawson, is vividly in the mind of the audience as the scenes of the play unfold.

The story, briefly told, is this: John Ryder, an unscrupulous master of finance, is the real power behind a railroad trust menaced by hostile legislation. Ryder's gold has bought legislatures and bribed Supreme Court judges. One man alone, Judge Rossmore, is incorruptible. This upright public servant Ryder has sworn to ruin. Judge Rossmore is impeached and about to be tried. The judge has a daughter named Shirley, who writes books. One just published has made a sensation. In the form of a biography, it is a scathing attack on the biggest figure in modern finance. Recognizing in it an unflattering, but true portrait of himself, Ryder sends for the anonymous author, who, realizing she may thus find some way to help her father, obeys the summons. From this point on the play, which opened rather tediously, is dramatic and absorbingly interesting. The keen financier is much taken with this cool young woman who displays so much knowledge of men and things, and engages her to do



THOMAS F. FALLON

Lately seen in juvenile rôles in the Yorkville Stock Company, and formerly with Amelia Bingham

some literary work, necessitating a stay for two weeks under his roof. There is a subsidiary love interest, Shirley being courted secretly by Ryder's son, a clean-cut independent young man who does not hesitate to tell his father what he thinks of him. But Shirley has no time for lovemaking. The trial of her father takes place on the morrow. Ryder is implacable. She must act at once. She prevails upon the son to steal certain papers which constitute Ryder's alleged proof of her father's guilt, and the murderer is out. Ryder discovers the theft, and a stormy scene follows. Shirley discloses her identity, assails Ryder with a long and bitter denunciatory tirade, and, almost speechless, the financier orders her from the house. But the words of truth have gone home. Ryder passes a sleepless night, and in the morning comes to Shirley, who is packing to go, and tells her that he has used his influence to quash the impeachment. Of course, Shirley marries the son and all ends well.

It is a strong play, and with the exception of a tedious and weak first act, one of the best constructed pieces Broadway has seen in a long time. From the technical viewpoint, it is decidedly the best work Charles Klein has yet done. The second and third acts are, in fact, so good that it seems almost impossible that the same hand could have written the first and fourth. It is exceedingly well acted. Edmund Breese's impersonation of the unscrupulous, self-satisfied, cold-blooded man of money is masterly. It is a real characterization that dominates everything and everybody. It is real acting, because it gives the simulacrum of actual life. Grace Ellison, who reminds one forcibly of poor Georgia Cayvan, was artificial in the first act, but warmed up in the scenes with Ryder, and she delivered the denunciation with splendid warmth and vigor. She is an attractive young woman, with a direct method and a pleasing voice, and apparently she is capable of even greater emotional power than this rôle calls for. Richard Bennett played the son intelligently and tactfully, and Marguerite St. John gave distinction to the rôle of Ryder's rather foolish wife. Henry Harris has staged this play well.

KNICKERBOCKER. "LA BELLE MARSEILLAISE." Drama in four acts, by Pierre Berton. Produced November 27, with this cast:

General Bonaparte, Vincent Serrano; Captain Roger Criseno, William Courtenay; Marquis de Tallemont, J. H. Gilmour; Fouché, Stanley Dark; Regnier, Joseph E. Whiting; Colonel Rapp, Ralph Delmore; Adjutant Barrall, William Balfour; Brutus, Joseph Maylon; Leonidas, Bernard Niemeyer; Cambaceres, W. Addison; Saint Rejant, J. H. Dupont; Bernard, Frank Andrews; Cardinal Fesch, Harris L. Forbes; Murat, Coe; Junot, C. Smithman; Valet to Criseno, Joseph Kauffman; Jeanne, Virginia Gurney; Madame Junot, Madeleine Rives; Julie, Eugenie Flagg.

An estimable old man, amiable in every particular except in

his desire to blow up Napoleon with a bomb and masquerading as an Innkeeper at Marseilles, has reared a girl tenderly, so tenderly, in fact, that he marries her, but faithfully and strictly maintains toward her the relation of parent. Whether done for his own protection or hers in the troubled times of the Revolution, whatever the motives, whatever the facts, the action of the play grows out of this state of affairs between them.

Starting from this point, it is obvious that M. Pierre Berton's

"La Belle Marseillaise" is more concerned about technical conveniences than truth. The play, indeed, is a clever piece of work, entertaining for the most part and thoroughly diverting in a number of its scenes. Some of its facts are not demonstrated or reasonable. The assumed fact of the married relation becomes more mechanical yet in that it is kept secret. The girl-wife's lover knows nothing of it. The aged husband is supposed to be killed by the explosion of a bomb directed at Napoleon. In reality the Innkeeper had changed coats with the man whose body was mistaken for his. A rumor of the truth gets out. Napoleon, with his grim drollery and in order to force the truth from the girl so that he may capture his enemy, orders a marriage between her and the young lover. If she is to save the good, kind old man who lives only to slay Napoleon, her only recourse is to submit to the ceremony and, in the privacy of the bridal chamber, confess the truth to her young lover.

The situation is dramatic, but from the French point of view it is probably intended to be taken in the spirit of comedy for the most part. We may fairly assume that the ceremony of marriage was found highly diverting on the

French stage. The effect of this particular scene with us is almost entirely negative. This being so, one of the equations is lost, just as a most important equation is omitted in not establishing the gratitude and tenderness of feeling of the girl toward her paternal friend, the old husband in name only.

Giving the full and intended significance to these two points, however, the play is an effective one and should prosper. It is essentially a light comedy with situations that are almost farcical with only that amount of serious sentiment as is technically demanded. Certainly the girl loves the young lover. She happily becomes his real wife when the real, paternal, but aged husband finds it expedient to kill himself when he can no longer escape capture. In the meanwhile he has played a merry game, always seeking the opportunity to do away with Napoleon. He attaches himself to the person of Fouché, Minister of Police, as his confidential man. This is surely a farcical element. Watching



VIOLET HOUK AND JOHN BLAIR

In the stage version of Winston Churchill's novel "The Crossing" at Daly's Theatre



Hallen

LEO DITRICHSTEIN AND KATHERINE FLORENCE
In the farce "Before and After" at the Manhattan

his chances, this old conspirator attempts to substitute a box of poisoned snuff for the private box of private snuff which Napoleon has inadvertently left on a table. The girl-wife discovers the amiable trick. Napoleon, who has taken the poisoned box of snuff and who has reason to suspect the trick, insists upon her taking a pinch. She has Napoleon's own box concealed in her dress, and finally manages to get the box from the hand of Napoleon and make the exchange. She then carries on a conversation with Napoleon as best she may amid her sneezes, to his mystification.

Miss Harned is capital in comedy, but she is naturally so effective in emotion that she has a tendency to overemphasize sentiment. The whole play should be done more in the comedy spirit. If this were done it would be a positive success of more than a single season. Vincent Serrano, as Napoleon, falls far short of the part. He lacks authority in manner and in the peculiar personality required. To be a Napoleon, in any part of his career, on the stage, one must dominate at first view. Genius has a flash of the eye, quick shifting moods and force. This actor lacked force and did not look the part; no illusion was possible for an instant and the rôle suffered in consequence. The play itself is susceptible of certain easy changes for its improvement. Miss Harned is sustaining her own personal distinction and popularity in it as it is. The play is handsomely staged and the Napoleonic costumes are rich and pleasing to the eye.

NEW YORK. "THE MAYOR OF TOKIO." Farcical opera in two acts by Richard Carle; music by W. F. Peters. Produced December 11 with this cast:

Kow Tow, Fred Frear; General Satake, Sylvain Langlois; Ivan Orfulitch, Jo Smith Marba; Tanake, Jess Caine; Nikko, Edwin Baker; Awaki, William H. Platt; Betsy Lincoln, Adele Rowland; Oloto San, Hortense Mazurette; Kimono, Lillian Doherty; Ylang Ylang, Florence Willarde; Toma, Ethel Lloyd; Yamo, Cecil Gray; Madame Stich, Emma Janvier; Birdie Talcum, Minerva Courtney; Marcus Orlando Kidder; Richard Carle.

This piece is an exhibition of health and joy. The average farcical opera of this kind is a collection of miscellaneous junk not susceptible of description. One or more parts are usually greater than the whole. It is the triumph of unreason and a carnival of fooling. No one expects such a thing as a plot. "The Mayor of Tokio" has as many odds and ends in it as might be found in a Mother Mandelbaum's shop, but it is wonderful how cleverly they are assimilated. Of coherency there is none, of amusement there is abundance. Richard Carle is a master mechanician in his own way and in his own line. The blending of colors, spectacular effects in dances, and comicalities of all kinds follow one after the other in exhaustless supply. It is profusion and confusion; but there is the frenzy of physical life about it. It has distinctive qualities. The dances have an enthusiastic swing about them that carries you off your critical feet, so to speak. The "girl on the left" has a furious vigor of youth, and the "tall one on the right," in pink, with flowing hair tossing in the air, arms in motion, body gyrating, feet spurning the earth, both with a score of wild companions, suggest infinite vitality. It means nothing, but it looks like something. It is, we repeat, an exhibition of health and joy. There is a great deal that is unnecessary, but nothing that is perfunctory. With such dances a pretty song here and there and an occasional bit of humor these Carle productions have a distinctive quality that triflers like them have not. They are peculiar and indescribable, better and worse than the ordinary comic opera. Individual excellence is marked in some of the younger members of the company, and uncommon voices and real capabilities contribute to a medley that means nothing.

DALY'S. "THE TOAST OF THE TOWN." Play in four acts by Clyde Fitch. Produced November 27 with this cast:

Mistress Betty Singleton, Viola Allen; Mistress Roxana, Isabel Irving; The Dowager Duchess, Fanny Addison Pitt; Lady Charlotte, Alice Wilson; The Duke of Malmbury, Robert Drouet; Lord Philips, Harrison Hunter; Lord Algernon Fairfax, Hassard Short; Master Harry Bent, Charles D. Pitt; Mr. McLaughlin, C. Leslie Allen; An Author, Maurice W. Steuart; Call Boy, Harold De Becker; An Old Man Lodger, Ferdinand Gottschalk.

It is somewhat unusual for a prominent star, when in quest of a new vehicle, to pick up an old play which another star has already tried with unsuccess, and make a costly production with it under a new title and with the manuscript only slightly revamped. Yet that is what Viola Allen has done. "The Toast of the Town," in which she is appearing this season, was written by Clyde Fitch some years ago, and Mme. Modjeska produced it under the title "Mistress Betty." In that early version, if we remember well, the martyr-to-love heroine dies in the end; in the new version she lives to be reconciled to her indifferent ducal husband. The changes, it may be frankly stated, have not helped the play. It is wholly artificial and creaks at its joints worse than any book play ever written. There is not a natural moment throughout its four acts, and the story is wellnigh incomprehensible. At all times it is impossible. In brief, it tells of Betty Singleton, a fashionable actress of George III's time, who, in a weak moment, marries a duke who is too fond of his cups. Shortly after the marriage she leaves him, believing him to be in love with his cousin Lady Charlotte. The Duke offers to take her back, but thinking he is actuated only by what he considers his duty, she disappears, hiding in a miserable garret. Here, eventually he finds her and they are reconciled. The most that can be said for the piece is that it furnishes opportunity for a number of effective stage pictures. The scene of the theatre green room, and the lowering of the real curtain, before which Mistress Betty comes and bows her thanks as before the fictitious audience of the play, is novel and well done. Miss Allen, also, is seen at her best in the rôle of the impossible Betty. The actress' skill and charming personality evoked all the sympathy

(Continued on page xii.)



on, N. Y.

OLGA NETHERSOLE AND HAMILTON REVELLE IN THE DRAMATIC VERSION OF "CARMEN"

Mr. Conried and the Proposed Répertoire Theatre

THE announcement of Heinrich Conried's scheme for a \$3,000,000 theatre—the plan of which we outlined at length in our last issue—has aroused more hostility than approval in certain quarters, although why any scheme looking to the improvement of theatrical conditions, and which may give this city a splendid playhouse on the same fine lines as the subsidized theatres of Europe, should be subjected to criticism is beyond anyone's understanding. The chief objection of these carping critics is to the new playhouse being styled National Theatre and they waste columns of space laboriously trying to show how far Mr. Conried's proposed theatre would fall short of being a true National Theatre. We also object to the name National Theatre and we did so in our last issue. Mr. Conried, may be said at once, has no intention of using the name, which was gratuitously bestowed upon it by a *Herald* reporter. What Mr. Conried probably intended to convey was that his theatre could be conducted on lines somewhat similar to a National Theatre.

This foolish misunderstanding regarding the name being disposed of, has further opposition remains to that, after all, is a private and legitimate enterprise? Our esteemed contemporary *Life* expresses doubt as to the theatre being built at all, sneers at Mr. Morgenthau (one of Mr. Conried's backers) who is described as "a Jewish real estate dealer," and ridicules the idea of a National Theatre being directed by an American citizen who happens to retain in his English speech a trace of his Teutonic origin, or "a German

brogue" as *Life* elegantly puts it. All of which is dignified journalistic comment and pertinent to the issue, and about on a par with the "humor" of the music critics of this town who think it excruciatingly funny to constantly allude to Mr. Conried as "Herr Direktor." In fact, the picayune attitude taken by some dramatic writers to the proposed theatre is precisely the same as that of the music scribes when Mr. Conried's appointment as director of the Metropolitan Opera House was first made public.

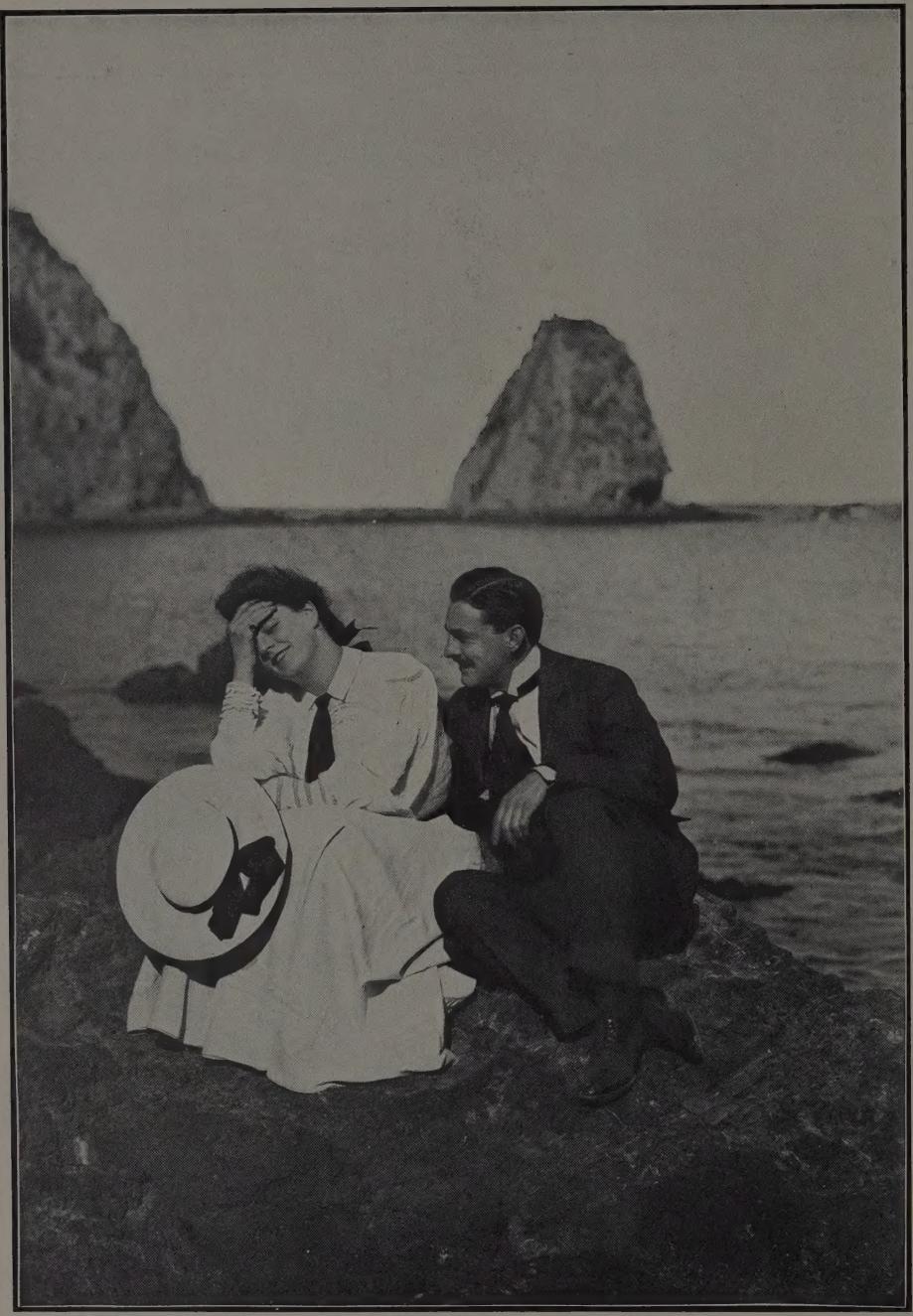
They all scoffed at the audacity of a "little German manager of a little German theatre" aspiring to the directorship of the most important operatic stage in the world, and the *Sun* boldly predicted that the Opera directors were making a mistake which they would regret. Of course, none of these dismal prophecies came true, and the result has been three of the most successful seasons of grand opera ever seen in New York City.

The self-constituted critics of the Répertoire Theatre scheme freely predict that the wonderful \$3,000,000 playhouse will not be built at all. "A real estate deal!" cries one; "A pipe dream!" cries another, and so on. Would it not be much more sensible to wait and give a man a chance before denouncing him as a fraud? If Mr. Conried has really been jesting at the public expense we shall very soon know it, and then it will be time enough to take him to task. From what we know of Mr. Conried he has usually accomplished what he has set out to accomplish, and our faith will be sadly shaken if it has been led astray in this instance.



Sarony

SUZANNE SANTJE
Now starring in "Sowing the Wind"



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ETHEL BARRYMORE AND HER BROTHER, JOHN BARRYMORE

From a photograph taken in October on Catalina Island, California. John is asking his sister if he may be her leading man next season, to which Miss Ethel replies: "O Jack, don't be silly, I've such a headache!"

Why this organized opposition to Mr. Conried? Is there a reason for it? Can it be that the brilliant German-American impresario is not popular with all our critics and with all our theatre-goers? It is hardly necessary to express again our own high appreciation of Mr. Conried's ability. We have repeatedly stated that in our judgment he is the best man available to direct a theatre of the kind contemplated. But this belief in his competency does not blind us to his weak points. It is only from our friends that we hear the truth. Mr. Conried has possibly himself aroused much of this unreasonable hostility. He is a very successful man and the American people admire the successful man when his success is based on genuine ability. But Mr. Conried has put between himself and the American public a barrier of reserve and criticism that in certain quarters has aroused resentment. He has never cultivated, or really become acquainted with, the American people, and in this, we think, he has been unwise. A public man must be, in a certain measure, in sympathy with his public. Although an American citizen of twenty-

loes if Mr. Conried succeeds in giving us at last the Ideal Theatre, for want of which dramatic art in this country is languishing.

X. Y. Z.

Eleonora Duse, during a recent flying visit in which she gave one very successful performance of Gorky's "Night-Refuge," startled Paris by a vehement denunciation of all conventional artifices of theatrical embellishment, such as rouge and make-up. According to a despatch to the *New York World*, she said:

"Make-up is death to the natural play of physiognomy; it destroys the elasticity by which the face expresses the infinite variety of the passions of the soul; it annuls facial eloquence; it means a trumpery less in the artist's play. Instead of a face living and speaking there is only a masque of marble or wax, a dummy from a hairdresser's window."

"People are astonished, too, at the carelessness of my headdress, but in life under passionate emotion all artifice disappears and only the soul movement shows, bending and twisting the body as a blast shakes the forest tree, careless of its crown of leafage. What matters it that my hair be disordered if I be true to the passion of the play?"

Mme. Lebargy, says the same despatch, has become a convert to the Duse theory. She abjures the art of the paint-pot, as she describes it, and begins to pride herself on the timely disorder of her hair.

five years' standing, his associates have been among the German colony. He has sought neither the companionship nor acquaintance of Americans, and when he has come among them it has usually been to criticise. In a speech at Carnegie Lyceum he declared that the American theatre manager knew little about plays or acting. It was true, but it hurt. His attitude and words at public dinners and other functions have induced some to believe that he entertains a similar view of our American authors and all American institutions. Of course, being an intelligent man, he really does not think anything of the kind, but a man is not judged by what he is, but by what he seems. All this has not been calculated to endear a man of alien origin to the countrymen of his adopted land. Mr. Conried has also the reputation of being conceited and arrogant. If the charge be true, what of it? What is it but the self-esteem and self-reliance of a man who believes thoroughly in himself? As well as anyone, Mr. Conried knows that "pride goeth before a fall," and that if allowed to become a marked characteristic, a self-satisfied demeanor is apt to repel rather than attract friends, which in the case of a future director of America's leading Répertoire Theatre would certainly be unfortunate. He is said also to be inordinately vain, which heinous sin, even if true, shows he is merely deficient in a fine sense of humor. Vanity may be pardoned in a man of small beginnings to whom have come honors. Recently the Austrian Emperor sent him the order of the Iron Cross, which carries with it the title of count. These and similar marks of favor from foreign potentates, which mean much in Europe, signify absolutely nothing in democratic America. In fact here they are only likely to subject their recipient to ridicule. Yet these are all small failings and should not close our eyes to the real worth and ability of the man. We can well forgive such trifling peccadilloes if Mr. Conried succeeds in giving us at last the Ideal Theatre, for want of which dramatic art in this country is languishing.

How Marie Rappold Became a Prima Donna

ONCE more the unexpected has happened! Tradition has been scattered to the four winds. A new precedent has been established. The omniscient music scribes have been confounded. The critical sooth-sayers declared that such a thing as a voice outside the Metropolitan Opera House simply

did not exist, and that to imagine there was in this city any untried singer worthy to sing on the world's foremost operatic stage was the height of absurdity. But the scribes spoke rashly and without due knowledge and they have since been compelled to eat their words.

On Wednesday evening, November 22, at the second performance of opera this season, a n American singer, with no previous stage experience save as an amateur, appeared before an audience which packed the Metropolitan Opera House almost as densely as on the opening night,

as Sulamith in Goldmark's opera "The Queen of Sheba," a rôle second only in importance to the title rôle sung by Edyth Walker, also an American. Her success was immediate and the following day the very critics who had denied her existence proclaimed that a new star had arisen in the operatic heavens.

This is the first time in the history of the Metropolitan that an untried singer has appeared upon its stage as a prima donna, and save with pupils of the opera school founded by the present director, who are always billed as pupils when they appear in the minor rôles occasionally entrusted to them, there have been but two exceptions to this rule. The exceptions are Josephine Jacoby and Carrie Bridewell, both contraltos, neither of whom at the times of their first appearances here had had operatic experience, but to neither of them were important rôles assigned, although Jacoby has now made herself a useful member of the Metropolitan company.

To Marie Rappold alone belongs the distinction of being the first singer to step in one night into the ranks of full fledged prima donnas. Both she and Josephine Jacoby are pupils of the same teacher, a man still in his thirties—Oscar Saenger of this city.

Marie Rappold is the wife of a Brooklyn physician. Her head is not yet turned by her success. She is simple and unaffected, nor when the writer saw her a few days after her débüt did she show any trace of nervous strain. She is tall and distinguished looking, with a physique that betokens perfect health, and her clear, high soprano voice is telling and dramatic, giving promise of further triumphs.

"How did you do it?" meaning how did she succeed in getting the hearing.

The question seemed to amuse her. She laughed and said nothing as if awaiting further questioning. She quite looked the prima donna who has "arrived."

"How was it possible for you, without previous operatic experience, without ever having studied abroad, to appear in so important a rôle as Sulamith, on the most important and exacting operatic stage in the world?"

"I do not think it necessary for an American to go abroad to study," said Mme. Rappold quickly. "There are good teachers in this country."

"But it has always been considered necessary. Opera directors themselves have small respect for home talent."

"Yes," she said thoughtfully, "I, too, planned to follow the example

of all the rest. I have always wished to go abroad and study."

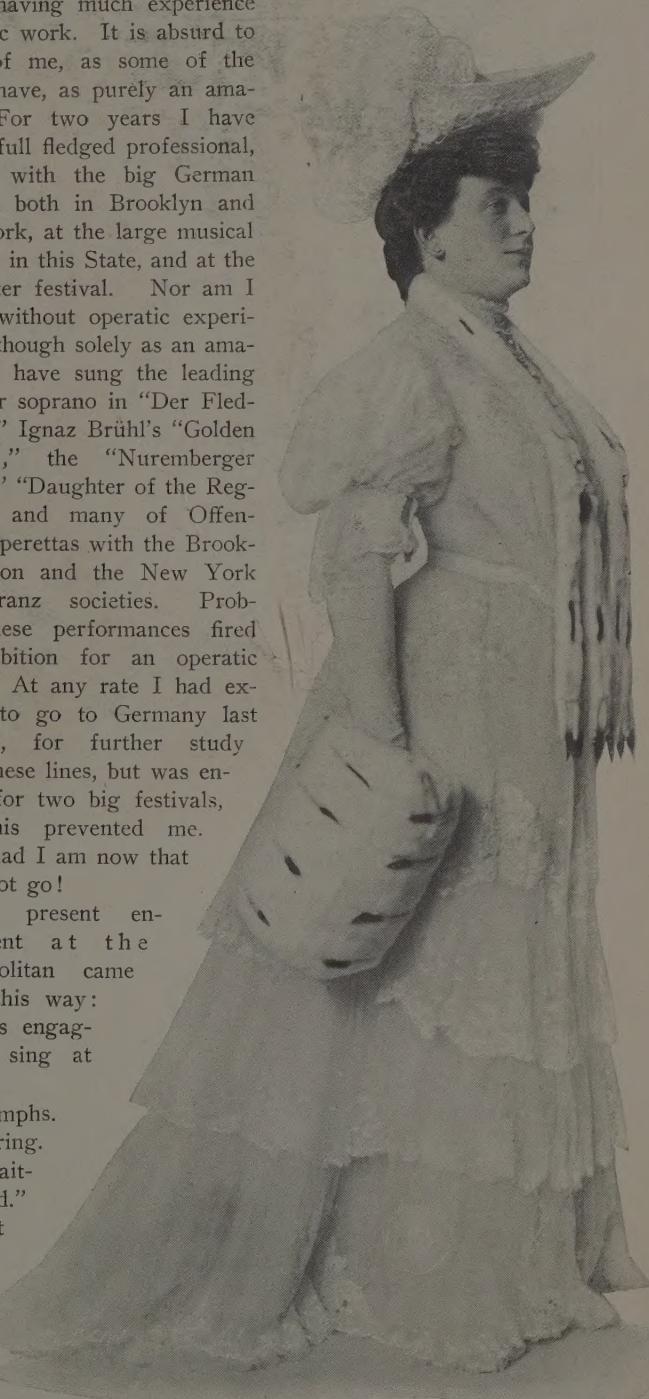
"Then you have always had an operatic career in view?"

"No, I wish now that I had. It was this way. None of my family was a professional musician, but they all loved music. My father has a very fine tenor voice. I sang as a tiny child, and he intended me to be a professional singer. I studied for several years, then I married and thought no more about study for some time. Still I was always being asked to sing at all kinds of amateur entertainments in Brooklyn, my home, and finally I said to my husband that if I were to sing, I might as well learn to sing well, and as a professional. It was seven years ago that I began to study with my present, and practically my only teacher, Oscar Saenger. My idea at first was simply to fit myself to sing well in concert. I had no thought then of an operatic career. I wish I had had, for then I should have worked differently. Meanwhile I was having much experience in public work. It is absurd to speak of me, as some of the papers have, as purely an amateur. For two years I have been a full fledged professional, singing with the big German societies both in Brooklyn and New York, at the large musical festivals in this State, and at the Worcester festival. Nor am I wholly without operatic experience, although solely as an amateur. I have sung the leading rôles for soprano in "Der Fledermaus," Ignaz Brühl's "Golden Cross," the "Nuremberger Cooper," "Daughter of the Regiment," and many of Offenbach's operettas with the Brooklyn Arion and the New York Liederkranz societies. Probably these performances fired my ambition for an operatic career. At any rate I had expected to go to Germany last summer, for further study along these lines, but was engaged for two big festivals, and this prevented me.

How glad I am now that I did not go!

"My present engagement at the Metropolitan came about this way:

"I was engaged to sing at



Burr McIntosh

MARIE RAPPOLD

An American singer who has accomplished the almost unprecedented feat of securing an important rôle at the Metropolitan Opera House, to awaken the morning after her débüt and find herself famous

the Schiller celebration last May in the Montauk Theatre, Brooklyn. Among others on the programme was Mr. Conried, who had promised to recite. Of course I knew this, but, truly, when it came my turn to sing I quite forgot that he was in the audience. He was sitting in a box and heard my number. Later in the evening I met him, and almost the first words he said to me were: 'Why have you never been to sing for me?' I told him that I had never supposed he would care to be bothered to hear me, and he said promptly, 'I should like to hear you sing Elsa in the Metropolitan Opera House.' However, the next day I left town for a concert engagement, and within a day or two he sailed for Europe, and I never thought of building any hopes on what he had said."

One day on looking over scores her teacher said to her: "Suppose you learn some of Sulamith's music in Goldmark's 'Queen of Sheba'? I think it would suit your voice." She got the score and found that it did suit her, so studied the first act. This is how

"He asked me again why I had never sung for him before. 'Where have you been hiding yourself all this time?' were his words. And when I again said that I had never for a moment supposed he would care to be bothered to hear me, he said: 'If you could hear some of the people who come to sing for me!'

"The Metropolitan stage manager here trained me, and Mr. Conried coached me. One hears much of professional jealousy, but I must say I have seen nothing of it in the great artists of the opera company. They were all so friendly to me, seemed so anxious that I should have a success on the opening night, and when I really did have it everyone appeared as pleased as I was myself."

"In what other operas are you to appear?"

"I am rehearsing Elsa, which will be my next rôle, then Eva in 'Die Meistersinger,' Senta in 'The Flying Dutchman,' Elizabeth in 'Tannhäuser,' and I suppose I shall sing Aïda. I already know



Byron, N. Y.

Donald Maclareen

Percy F. Ames

John Flood

George Parsons

Thomas W. Ross

ACT I. "A FAIR EXCHANGE." THE ALL-NIGHT POKER SESSION

she tells of her first real interview with Conried:

"Meanwhile the summer was over, and Mr. Conried returned. One day I received a telegram from him asking me to call at the Opera House. I went without any music, and almost the first words he said were, 'Come on the stage and sing for me.' Mr. Morgenstein, the coach, was in the building to play for me, and of course scores of all kinds are kept there, so there was no trouble about music, and I sang one of Elsa's arias. Mr. Hertz, the conductor, was also present. When I finished Mr. Conried said: 'I wish you could sing something of the Sulamith music in Goldmark's 'Queen of Sheba.'

"'I can,' I replied.

"'There is only one score in the building,' said Mr. Conried, 'so you would have to look over the pianist's shoulder.'

"'I think I know the music of the first act by heart,' I said, and accordingly I sang it. When I had finished Mr. Conried offered me a three-years' contract. Afterwards I learned that he had tried to find a soprano for this rôle in Europe last summer, and had not found one to suit him. The music lies very high, you know, but just suited to my voice. I love it.

the rôle of Michaela in 'Carmen.' Ah, but I shall have to work very hard. It is quite different working here on the stage from at home or in a studio. Here everything must be exact—there is no trusting to chance. Then, too, the language. I read French, but my singing has been done chiefly in German and English, and I have never yet tried Italian. Now I have to learn several rôles in that language. But I love the work, and do you not think one should love one's work in order to succeed in it? I do not mind working hard that I may succeed."

It certainly is hard work. If people fancy that a prima donna does not work hard, if they think of her as merely appearing at the opera house in time for a performance, they may be interested to know that almost every morning finds Marie Rappold at a rehearsal—even Thanksgiving day was no exception. Rehearsals for "The Queen of Sheba" went on for some three weeks before its production, and she had to come all the way from the wilds of Brooklyn. But rehearsals do not frighten her. With a beautiful voice, rare in its pitch and quality, a fine stage presence, ambition and no fear of work, this new American prima donna has a brilliant career before her.

RICHARD SAVAGE.

A Visit to Maurice Maeterlinck

Whoever turns his outer sense
To see his soul aright
He hears when no one speaks to him,
Walks seeing through the night.

EVERY visitor to Maeterlinck's home is struck by this Latin motto, conspicuously blazoned over the portal. Judging the Belgian poet by his sombre plays and verse one might easily picture him a world-tired hermit, awaiting death in some solitary moated castle, and listening to the "small still voice" with him—a voice which his genius has made vibrate around the world.

Quite the reverse. Maeterlinck spends most of his time in Paris. He has a charming old-fashioned house at Passy that dates from the Middle Ages. Here he writes and reads and receives his friends.

It was a glorious day at the beginning of the fall when the present writer called upon him, and as an appointment had been previously arranged, M. Maeterlinck was waiting for the visit of THEATRE MAGAZINE's representative.

Maurice Maeterlinck, called by some the Belgian Shakespeare, was born at Ghent, Flanders, in 1862. He is, therefore, forty-four years old. Racially as well as mentally he is a Fleming of the Flemings. He has all the physical attributes of his hardy countrymen, their rugged health as well as their quiet intensity and love for the mystical and supernatural. The poet is reserved in his manner before strangers, but as he becomes better acquainted he unbends, and then he talks freely and delightfully. His manners are unaffected and charming, his knowledge of men and things profound. As he talks on earnestly, eloquently, discussing with authority every possible object, one cannot help feeling that one is in the presence of a markable personality; and no matter how we may disapprove his literary methods or how little we may sympathize with his outlook on life, we are forced to acknowledge his dominating position in contemporary literature. The conversation, which was tried on in French, was at first somewhat formal, but by degrees the poet relaxed his mask of reserve, and chatted freely on various topics. We spoke of America. He confessed he had very little real knowledge of our country, and he did not express any keen desire to become better acquainted with it.

"I should be afraid," he said, "to live in a city like New York. I understand that Money, Bustle and Noise are its chief characteristics. Money is useful, of course, but it is not everything. Bustle and noise, also, are necessary adjuncts of human industry. But they do not add to man's comfort nor satisfy his soul crav-

ings. America is yet too young a nation to seek the Beautiful. That may come when you Americans grow weary of being merely Rich. Then you will, as a nation, cultivate art and letters, and, who knows? one day you will surpass the Old World in the splendor of your buildings, the genius of your authors. You are a great people, perhaps the greatest the world has ever seen, but your highest powers are still slumbering. At present you are too busily occupied in assimilating the foreigner, too busily engaged in affairs purely material, to leave either time or taste for the Beautiful or the Occult. When America does take to beautifying her own home she will astonish the Old World."

Although his education and earliest influences were almost entirely French, and that it was a Frenchman—Octave Mirbeau—who first dubbed him "the Belgian Shakespeare," Maeterlinck is not accepted in Paris without reserve. His impressionistic pieces, "The Blind" and "The Intruder," pleased Antoine's special, cultured audiences, eager for anything affording them a new sensation, but "Monna Vanna" was not a success in the French capital.

M. Maeterlinck resents this defeat bitterly. "It would take too much time and energy to fight my way in Paris," he said. "But I mean to win recognition as a dramatist. I wrote 'Monna Vanna,' as you know, for my wife Georgette Leblanc. When it was completed I offered the piece to several leading Paris managers, and they politely declined it. Finally, I was offered a production at an obscure theatre near the Boulevard St. Martin. I consented, reluctantly, because I was anxious to test the play before a Parisian audience. I soon regretted it. The play was presented in a deplorably cheap manner, and the conditions were so bad that my wife—who to my mind realizes the character perfectly—could not do justice to the principal part. The scenery was miserable, shabby and out of the period, we had only two or three supernumeraries to represent the crowd, and even these were not properly dressed. The manager could not afford the proper costumes, so had attired the supers in fancy draperies, which were so short as to show the modern trousers underneath. It was a nightmare. I was so disgusted with the whole thing that I did not witness the first

performance. The critics spoke well of my play from the literary standpoint, but my work as a playwright was adversely commented upon.

"When 'Monna Vanna' was prohibited in England I was really much hurt. There is, of course, nothing in the play that should shock the moral sense of the most fastidious. My heroine is clad in a mantle only and goes to Prinzevalle's tent for a base purpose, but she is actuated by exalted and pure motives. Cer-



MAURICE MAETERLINCK

tainly, her attitude and that of Prinzevalle, while in the tent, could not be more decorous. In Germany my play was well received and it is still being presented in that country. In America it has been splendidly produced by Harrison Grey Fiske. Mme. Duse has now under consideration the Italian rights, but she does not quite come up to my conception of the part."

"What is the real character of Monna Vanna?"

"That of a beautiful, spiritual woman," replied M. Maeterlinck. "To analyze her character one must study the situation in the play and the period of the action, and also have some idea of the passions that have ever moved the Latin race. Guido is a soldier, accustomed to command, hot-headed. He is married to Monna Vanna, a beautiful, lovable woman. The Italian female has very seldom her choice in marriage, especially at the period of this play. Yet she is obedient and resigned, and tries to do her duty to the man to whom she has been given. Guido loves her passionately; Monna Vanna returns his tenderness with wifely devotion and respect. Perhaps she deludes herself. Prinzevalle sends word that he will give the starving city of Pisa food and ammunition if, in return, they will send to him Monna Vanna, clad only in her mantle. Of course, the husband is horrified, consumed with rage and jealousy, but the virtuous Monna Vanna is ready for the sacrifice. Certainly, there is in her no thought of love or lust when she offers to do this outrage to her dignity to save the lives of her fellow-citizens. My idea in this scene was to show a splendid spirit of altruism, and in the tent scene to have the chastening influences of a pure woman overcome the forces of evil. Prinzevalle, in her virtuous presence, is completely disarmed, and a great spiritual love is born in his own heart for this woman he had already adored as a child. Monna Vanna understands his self-restraint and is profoundly touched by this proof of his love. Man is the master of his destiny. All depends on the way in which we meet the events of life. Monna Vanna has at last met her twin soul. This is the man she truly loves, but, being a good woman, she does not recognize the fact until later. She returns to her



Hall

RUTH VINCENT SINGING THE SWING SONG IN "VERONIQUE"

husband, happy to be with him again, and to have prevailed over her enemy, and she rewards Prinzevalle by saving his life. Guido, being an ordinary man, cannot comprehend that one can love and still restrain one's passion. In presence of these two men, so unlike in character, Monna Vanna realizes the depth of her own feelings, and, threatened by the danger of losing Prinzevalle, my heroine triumphs over all obstacles by sheer force of will. According to my analysis of the play, it is divided into three distinct elements: 1st, her sacrifice; 2d, the awakening of her soul; 3d, the triumph of love and will over destiny."

M. Maeterlinck leads the simple life, most of his mornings being spent in writing. He is now at work on a fairy drama, somewhat on the order of his "Barbe Bleue." This he expects to have completed about Christmas. Like most men of genius, he has a hobby, and his fad is automobiles. He loves nothing so much as a rapid run along the country roads, and he understands the mechanism of the motor car in its smallest part. If he were not already one of the world's greatest poets, he certainly would be one of its record-breaking chauffeurs.

The poet usually spends his summer vacation in his native Belgium. Here he indulges his love for automobiling to his heart's content. Early in the fall he returns to his literary labors in Paris.

Before we took our leave he spoke of his latest play "Joyzelle," which was produced in Paris under the same sorry conditions as "Monna Vanna." He loves its principal character better than all his literary creations. In fact, the piece may be taken as the key to his present outlook on life.

"Joyzelle," he said, "is a spontaneous creature, full of life, grace and love. In her I wish to illustrate how Life and Love may triumph over Death and Fate, and above all to encourage Man to find new motives to live and persevere and triumph."

This play also is dedicated to his wife. To her belongs the credit for the wonderful change in Maeterlinck. Formerly he was the apostle of the triumph of Death over Love. A woman and a happy marriage have converted a high priest of Pessimism into a poet of Joy and Love. DIRCE ST. CYR.



Napoleon (Vincent Serrano)

Capt. Crisenoy (William Courtenay)

Jeanne (Virginia Harned)

The Emperor unites Jeanne and Capt. Crisenoy

SCENE IN PIERRE BERTON'S PLAY, "LA BELLE MARSEILLAISE"

A Ready-Made Hall of Fame

IT has been suggested that the ready-made Hall of Fame, which is one of the buildings of the New York University, should be rechristened the Hall of Worthies, owing to the reiterated rejection of one of the only two really great American authors, because his private character was not all it should have been, proving that respectability, not genius, is the prime requisite to admission.

Incidentally there are some people who are wondering why a Princeton quarterback, who still is very much alive, should be considered at all in connection with the matter—which again shows what an elusive thing is fame. It is not the football player about whom this bother is making. There also was a poet named Poe who has survived in spite of his detractors and, more remarkable still, in spite of his illustrators. If I were a publisher I would issue an edition of Poe and print on the title page "unmarred by illustrations." But *pace* Poe. He will survive the Hall of Worthies, the marble conclave of respectable nonentities—or is it plaster of Paris?

Is there any standard by which it is possible to judge whether a contemporary will achieve lasting fame? It is doubtful. Shakespeare probably had no inkling that he was immortal. He wrote plays for the box office, and therefore made them full of good acting situations. 'Tis even said that he cast himself for the Ghost in "Hamlet" that he might have time during the performance to go to the front of the house and count the receipts. Did he ever think of fame? I doubt it. But he was a successful actor, manager and playwright, died prosperous and is immortal.

It doesn't follow that because you don't think of fame you will die prosperous and become immortal. But it is rather singular that those who cling to high ideals, despise the material rewards of art, and seek their only compensation in fame usually lack the gifts to achieve it.

It is hit or miss, and that is the hard thing about it. One almost could formulate this principle:—"Work with an eye to your public and what you produce *may* live forever. If you don't it surely won't. Practice art for art's sake and neither your own generation nor succeeding ones ever will hear of you."

There are many cynics, but the greatest cynic is Providence. It makes the public the court of last resort, the final judge of success or failure and of lasting fame. Praise from The Tuppers of literary and dramatic criticism, who are allotted to each generation according to its deserts, has not made Shakespeare immortal. 'Tis the public. Who first demanded Wagner? The public in which he believed and for which he wrote.

There is one redeeming feature in the situation. The public wants to be served, but not by a slave. Sometimes, even, but not often, it asks a master. There are times when the public grows weary of being fed on choice literary pap and craves strong meat—something that has not been peptonized and that has to be masticated before it can be assimilated.

Again, however—of the day's successful men who will survive? Pinero? Possibly. Ibsen? Why the XXth century may conclude that the greatest play of the XIXth was not "A Doll's House" but—"No Wedding Bells for Her!" GUSTAV KOBBÉ.



Schloss

WHITE WHITTELEY

Well-known leading man who will be seen in a metropolitan production next season



Grace George Analyzes Kitty Ashe

(CHATS WITH PLAYERS No. 45)

In "Her Majesty"



Copyright Otto Sarony Co.

SEVENTY-FIVE of every hundred women are like Kitty Ashe," said Grace George. "I did not expect her to be sympathetic," continued the actress, "but I thought she would interest. Think of the women of the successful plays. Have they been sympathetic? Was Nora of 'The Doll's House' sympathetic? Was Magda sympathetic? Did you really care about the sufferings of 'The Second Mrs. Tanqueray'? Did you sympathize with Zaza?"

"With Zaza, yes," returned the interviewer who was being so disconcertingly interviewed. "I believe every woman in the audience was openly sorry for Zaza, and every man secretly so."

"But not as Réjane played her?"

"No, not as Réjane played her."

"I saw Réjane play it first. She showed us the real 'Zaza,' low, vulgar, a creature who had made a wager that she would fascinate Du Fresne, and who used the cheapest, coarsest way of doing so. There was no redeeming love to glorify the coarse affair. The tragedy was not in her discovery that he was hiding his marriage from her—she knew that he was married. It came when she found he was going to America with his wife, that he was going to leave her. Réjane showed her at the end a little lower than at the beginning. No, I did not sympathize with Zaza."

"Then you do not sympathize with 'bad women' in plays or out of them?"

"Not with coarse women, at any rate."

Miss George sat in an eager, girlish posture on an olive divan in a long drawing room overlooking Central Park. She was slight to fragility. Her fair hair was soft and curled slightly and naturally about her broad, high forehead. Her blue eyes were round and had in them something of a child's wonder at a puzzling, pathetic world. Thin arms and delicate

wrists showed beneath the modish short sleeves of a lace-trimmed white mulle bodice. Trim ankles and tiny feet peeped from beneath her short, blue plaited skirt. The dominating notes of her personality were daintiness and girlishness. She might have walked among the misses from a fashionable girls' school who were taking their daily promenade in the park, and been easily mistaken for one of them. It was the entrance of a small, blond boy with determined eye and gait, a white corduroy coat and a hat pushed far back from his face, who disturbed the illusion.

"Come on, muver!" he shouted.

"No, no. Mother can't go now. You go on around the corner with Mary and I will come in a few minutes."

"Why can't you go now?" He looked searchingly at the visitor.

"Go on, dear, and don't ask questions," said Miss George. As an after thought she presented the young man. "This is Billy," she said.

"William A. Brady, Jr.?"

"Yes. He is four years old. No, he will not be a theatrical manager. Heaven forbid. He says he is going to be 'a plain business man,' whatever that means."

Miss George ran to the window, and, looking out after the future 'plain business man' and his nurse, proved herself an ordinary, fond parent, for she repeated the latest bright saying of her offspring.

"I came home from rehearsal late one night and my coming in woke him. 'Is that you, mamma?' he said. 'Where have you been?' 'I've been rehearsing,' I told him. 'You'll be dead,'

he said. 'Yes,' I answered; 'tell your papa he's a brute.' He slipped out of bed and came over to me, looking apprehensively at the door of his father's room. 'All right,' he said; 'but you've got to come wif me if I tell him he's a brute.'

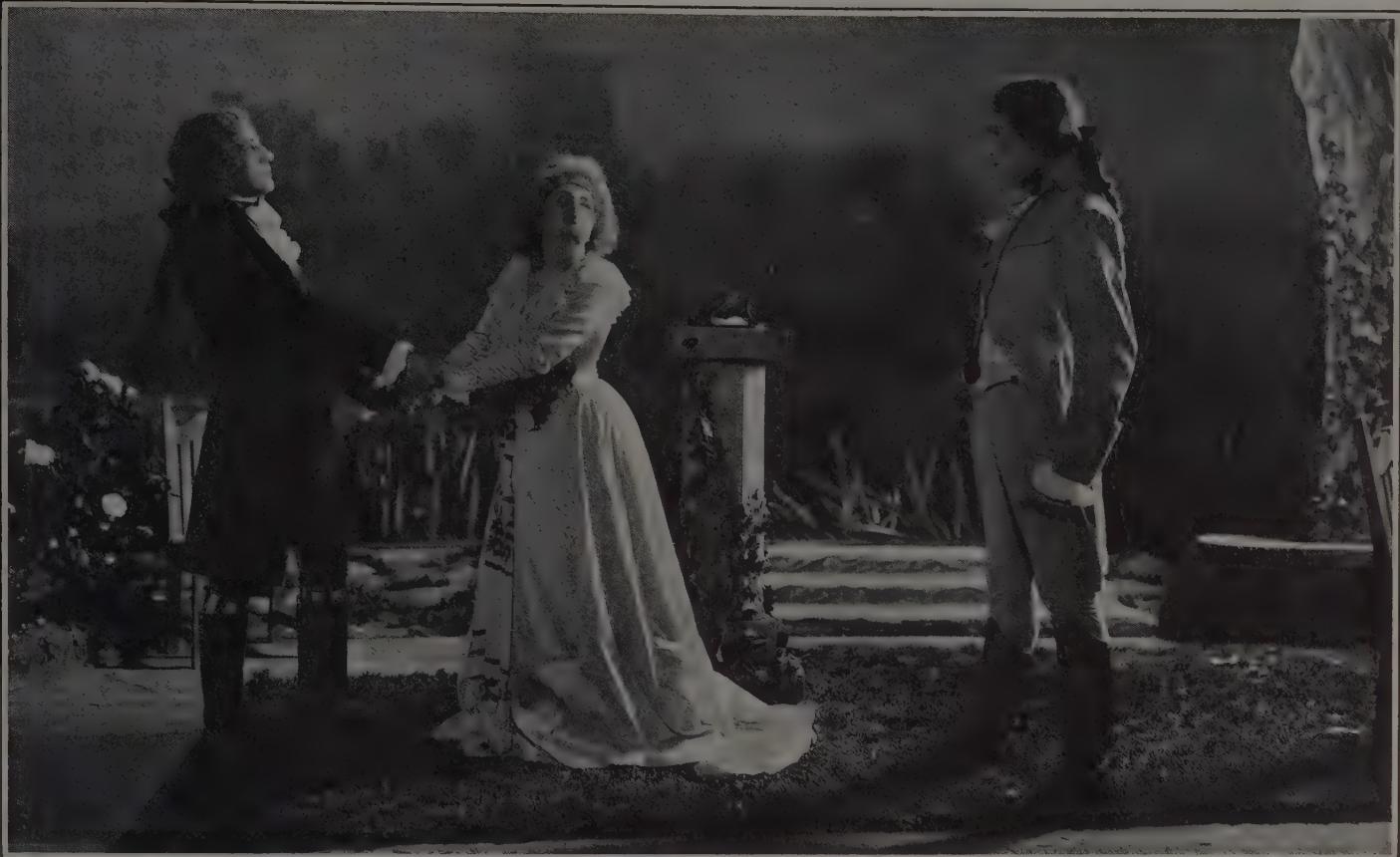
"He will get on," she said smiling musingly. "He is of the



Marceau

GRACE GEORGE

Viola Allen in Her New Play, "The Toast of the Town"



Lord Phillips (Harrison Hunter) Mistress Betty (Viola Allen)

"I love him—now will you let me go?"

Duke of Malmsbury (Robert Drouet)



Photos Byron, N. Y.

Betty Simpleton (Viola Allen) Duke of Malmsbury (Robert Drouet)

"Never suggest again I do not love you"



Mistress Betty Simpleton (Viola Allen)

"How gray my hair is!"

kind that does. He is like his father, not at all sensitive. I am glad he isn't like his mother, afflicted with the Irish-American temperament, that is sensitive, and draws within itself, and suffers torments while trying not to let anyone know. Mr. Brady doesn't care if he has hysterics all around the place, with a thousand persons looking on."

"What kind of persons do get on?"

"Those who believe unwaveringly in themselves and don't care what others think. Every successful person must be more or less of an egotist; he must not be at all sensitive. Mr. Robert Lorraine is an example. When he came to this country the critics said harsh things about him, but he didn't mind. He said: 'I don't care if every critic in America roasts me. I will show them.' And he has. But suppose he had cared. Do you suppose he would be the star of a successful Shaw play?"

The four-year-old William A. Brady had disappeared behind the trees in the park. The maternal fondness in the blue eyes faded into mere professional interest in the subject in hand. She leaned forward on the olive divan and caught up the loose end of the conversational thread.

"Perhaps Lady Kitty Ashe is not lovable, but she is natural," she said. "Seventy-five out of every hundred women are like her. I mean, of course, young women who are pretty and pampered. In all the course of your life how many of the sweet, flaccid, opinionless type of women, people call lovable on the stage, have you known?"

The interviewer pondered. "Not more than ten."

"And weren't they bores?"

"Perhaps they were."

"I thought so." Miss George's eyes and voice conveyed her triumph. "'Abigail,' the play in which I appeared in the title rôle last year, was such a character. Anyone could have played it. It was what Mr. Brady calls an 'actor-proof' part. Nobody could spoil it. Abigail was sweet and colorless and negative. I couldn't bear her."

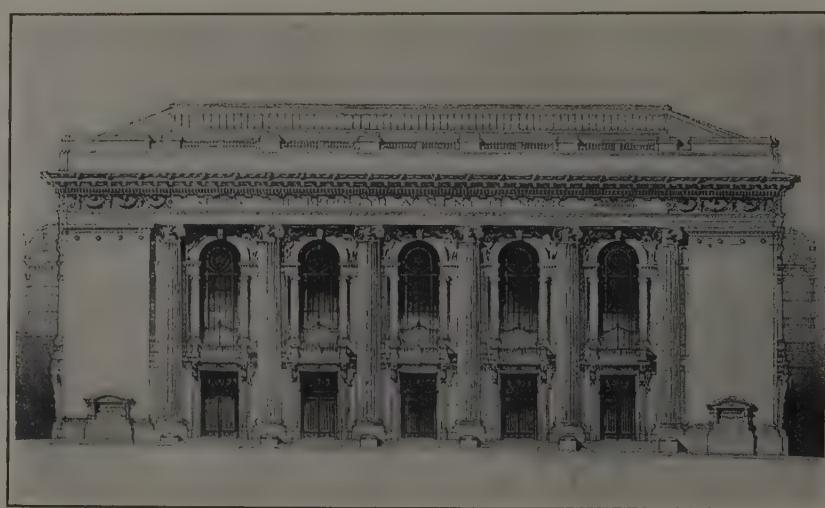
It was recalled that a woman star who had been playing successfully for a year the rôle of a noble, self-abnegating wife often said privately that she despised the part, for she considered the woman "a fool."

Miss George nodded her comprehension. "It is odd that so many actresses quarrel with their most successful parts," she said.

"I find Lady Kitty fascinating, at least.



IRMA LA PIERRE
Now playing her old part, Ann Moore, in "Way Down East"



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Herts & Tallant are the architects



Otto Sarony Co.
HERBERT AYLING
Well-known New York actor, now under contract
to Charles Frohman

I admit freely that in many of the things that she did I see myself. Mr. Brady laughed when he read the book and came to the line about persons with white eyelashes. 'If that isn't you!' he said. All my life I have had a horror of persons with white eyelashes. I have always distrusted them, and I never knew it to fail. I understand Lady Kitty so well that from the first I have liked her.

"We had no reason to expect depth of feeling from her. Cliffe said to her: 'You are a person whom the passions have passed by.' Such persons are always shallow. You never really knew a selfish person—one who always thought of herself, of how everything would affect her, would make her seem to the world, who was always acting—who had any deep feeling. She was selfish and an egotist. Yet she was a better wife for him than Mary Lyster would have been. By her restlessness she spurred him to achievement."

Miss George, with a mingling of one part tremulousness and one part indignation, spoke of the fact that critics had not, as a rule, cared for the play "The Marriage of William Ashe."

"It was a daring thing for us to come into New York with a book-play," she said. "The critics and a part of the public are admittedly opposed to dramatizations of books. But I had liked the book and the character. If we had done what Mr. Brady advised at first! If we always followed his first impression we should never have any failures. When he read the book he said: 'There is no play there. Lady Kitty is not a sympathetic character.' But I said: 'At least, she interests,' and we proceeded on that assumption. We began a year and a half ago, as soon as the book was published, on the play. We have changed and changed. For instance, we had the fourth act end in Lady Kitty's dramatic announcement that she had written the book that nearly undid her husband. But the curtain fell in Philadelphia without a hand. We had an act written showing Cliffe and Kitty in a hut in a storm in the Balkan Mountains. But the curtain had not gone up on the scene at Atlantic City before I knew that it would not do. They did not want to see Kitty and Cliffe together. There is a something that always comes to me over the footlights—a psychic something that tells me—"

The young star broke off to say: "I feel that the critics have been very unkind to Mr. Brady and me. He has been the personal friend of most of them, and it will be a long time before we can forget the reception they have given the venture that is ours, assumed upon our own financial responsibility. If they did not like the play it was their right to say so, but why should the criticism of the play turn entirely upon one piece of mechanism that was cut out the second night? One critic wrote his whole article around that unfortunate bit of mechanism. It was the noise made by the horses' hoofs. It was awful, I know, but wasn't it trivial to treat it as the most prominent feature of the production? And my French! A young woman who had taken exactly three lessons herself called on me in Philadelphia and said: 'There is only one thing in your performance I didn't like. That was your French.' One New York critic sneered about the Berlitz School of Languages. The truth is that my mother was of French descent and I have known the language since my lisping days. But I did not trust my memory in this. I was thoroughly coached by one of the best teachers of French in New York. I was rewarded by a message from the most just critic in

the city, a man who neither favors nor abuses, himself an excellent linguist, who complimented me upon it. He also wrote to say that he did not agree with the condemnation of the play, and spoke kindly of my own performance. No one will ever know what that letter from a critic of his standing meant to me.

"And my husband's unwavering belief in me sustains me. He is so intensely loyal. Poor fellow! I always get panicky before a first night in New York, and on the Sunday before the opening I wanted to run away, and had him in hysterics. Oh, these first nights in New York! How I fear them! I know those first nighters so well. Many of them I know by name, all by face. I can pick out their faces over the footlights. I know the women and the men. Of course, that line about Lord Parham, 'The stuffy old fellow with a shiny head,' didn't get any response on a first night. The first three rows are made up of Lord Parhams.

"My husband wanted me to go before the curtain and say: 'I thank you,' but I wouldn't. I bowed. One of my friends said: 'How sulky you looked, Grace, when you took your curtain call.' I said, 'I felt sulky.'

The young star summed up her sentiment for the first nighters of



Hubert Carter Olga Nethersole
ACT V. "The Labyrinth." Marianne confesses her love for her former husband



ACT IV. The fatal encounter of the two husbands on the verge of the precipice
Scenes in Paul Hervieu's Problem Play, "The Labyrinth," at the Herald Square Theatre

New York with a strong little verb of four letters which I was not to repeat, but which was not "love."

"You see, in my private capacity I am very much in public," she said. "As Mrs. William A. Brady, the demure wife of her husband, and the mother of a buxom boy, I go to see the plays. Everyone knows me by sight, and the hardened persons of the first nights say to themselves: 'She play the dashing, brilliant, audacious Lady Kitty Ashe? Never! We won't let her.'

Miss George is convent bred.

"Aren't all actresses educated in convents?" she laughed. "It

were enough of this, and then she was cast for Juliette in the production of "The Turtle," and later she played the rôle of Florence de Puysec in the farce comedy "Mlle. Fifi." Her first appearance as a star was in "The Countess Chiffon," and subsequently she produced "Her Majesty," which proved her first real success, her girlish, blond beauty making a radiant and striking figure of the central character. A play followed called "Under Southern Skies," which was less successful, but in it Miss George showed a marked advance in her art. "Pretty Peggy," a picturesque play of the Georgian period, followed, and although the



Byron, N. Y.

The Girl (Blanche Bates)

The Sheriff (Frank Keenan)

ACT III. "THE GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST." THE SENSATIONAL POKER GAME FOR A MAN'S LIFE

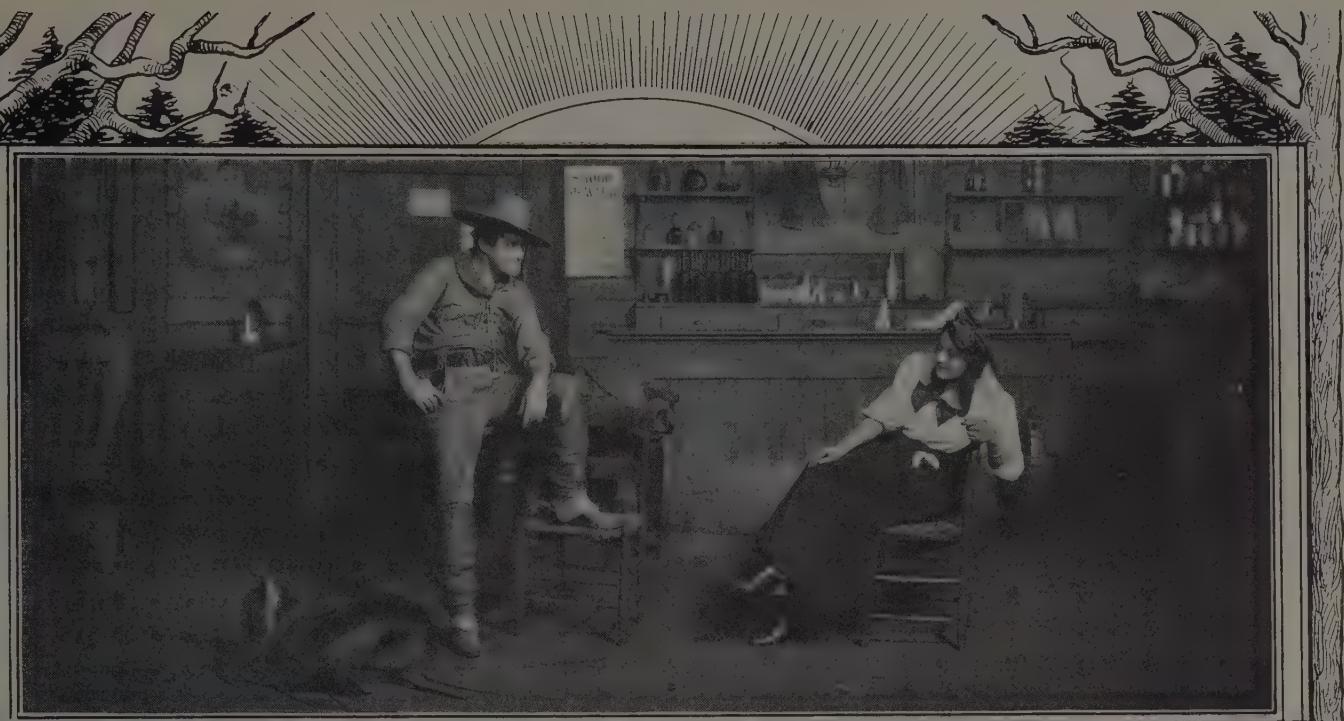
seems a good training school for the stage. Its natural quiet and seclusion encourage and promote study, and wide reading is so necessary for real success. It is mentality, perhaps, more than temperament that makes the actress."

"The Marriage of William Ashe" is the seventh play in which Grace George has appeared as a star. Her rise to her present prominent position has been remarkably rapid. She was born in New York City not so very many summers ago, and once having determined upon the stage career entered the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, where she went through the regular curriculum. Her professional débüt was in a farce called "The New Boy." Then she played Lucy in Belasco and Fyles' Indian drama "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and this was followed by appearances as Aimée in "Charley's Aunt" and as Madeleine in "Frédéric Lemaître." Then she left the legitimate stage for a brief period and appeared in vaudeville with Charles Dickson in the sketches "Jealousy" and "The Modest Bud." Six weeks

piece was obviously machine-made Miss George again scored a marked personal success. During its run the young actress was seen also as Frou-Frou, a French Kitty Ashe, which suited both her personality and her temperament. In the recent elaborate revival of "The Two Orphans" Miss George played the blind Louise with sympathetic charm, and this with Lady Kitty brings her professional activities to the present time.

"I should like," she said, "to play a woman with the everyday happenings in her life. There is enough of comedy and of tragedy in them, as every woman knows. A critic wrote of me: 'She is a creature of mirth and brightness and there is a wistful note that is her nearest approach to great emotional strength.' That critic wrote of me what I think of myself. Why, acting is in part a question of physical ponderousness. I tell my husband that with my one hundred eleven pounds I cannot be expected to play the rôles of two hundred and twenty pound women."

ADA PATTERSON.



Robert Hilliard

ACT I. THE OUTLAW AND THE GIRL

Blanche Bates



ACT II. THE GIRL ENTERTAINS THE OUTLAW



Photos Byron, N. Y.

ACT IV. JOURNEYING TOWARDS A NEW LIFE

Scenes in "The Girl of the Golden West" at the Belasco Theatre

Why I Wrote "The Clansman"

By THOMAS DIXON, Jr.

The play, "The Clansman," which has caused a great stir in the South will be presented at the Liberty Theatre, this city, January 8. It deals with one of the gravest questions the American people have to face today—the negro problem. Mr. Dixon, preacher, lecturer, novelist and Southern country gentleman, has long been known for the earnestness—we might almost say fanaticism—with which he deals with this important subject. Like Lincoln, he believes the colonization of the negro—in Africa or elsewhere—is the only solution, and the present play is intended to show what calamities might befall this country unless something of the kind is done. Actually, the play deals with the reconstruction period, from 1866 to 1870, when the South, bleeding after the war, was terrorized by the newly freed slaves and unscrupulous carpet baggers from the North. The play is likened to another "Uncle Tom's Cabin," only treated from the white man's point of view. It has been received with enthusiasm throughout the South with the exception of Columbia, S. C., where Editor Gonzales of the *State* has challenged Mr. Dixon's facts and questioned his sincerity. The Southern people as a body view the piece favorably. Some assert that it will intensify race feeling in the South, while others hold that it is the very thing needed to force an issue of vital interest to the entire nation. The following account of the play, written by the author himself, will be read with much interest.—THE EDITOR.

THE remarkable reception which has been given "The Clansman" in the South was in many respects a revelation to me.

As a novelist it was rather a stunning shock to find that the drama is so much more powerful a form of expression.

My ideas in narrative had met with an interesting reception from a large number of folks who read books, but the great masses of the people had not been reached by them. The same ideas translated into dramatic action and placed on the stage sweep entire communities off their feet. And this occurs without exception in every town and city in which the play is presented.

The performance has excited a great controversy in the Southern press. Long editorials are written on its motif and its probable effects on society and politics. Many of these editors have attacked the play with unrestrained fury—not by reason of its immorality or untruthfulness, but upon the remarkable ground that it stirs the audience to depths of emotion which obliterate reason and will cause riot and bloodshed.

Such a contention is, of course, childish twaddle, and yet the persistence with which this declaration is repeated by editors in nearly all the cities of the Black Belt of the South is but another pointer to the fact that the drama is by far the most powerful of all forms of art.

Why it has been apparently neglected by men who seek to revolutionize society can perhaps be accounted for in this country only by remembering that its technique is so difficult. And yet the very immensity of its difficulties should challenge the soul of genius to the highest reach of capacity.

To me the writing and production of this, my first play, has been the most thrilling work of my life, and I have had some stirring hours in other fields of labor.

As a student of higher mathematics in college I learned to calculate the horizontal parallax of the sun, fix the date of an eclipse of the moon, and find the position of a ship at sea from the chart of the stars. All this was child's play compared to the problems involved in the translation of the ideas of two volumes of narrative into a single unified swift action on the stage within the limits of three hours. After two years of systematic study of dramatic technique, it took me three months, working steadily sixteen hours a day, to accomplish this, a month to select the cast to interpret it and five weeks of rehearsals to condense the dialogue.



Byron

THOMAS DIXON, JR.

Every step of this work has been supremely fascinating, and no single moment of it all quite so exciting as the first night in Norfolk when I stood in the wings with the manuscript in hand and watched with bated breath the actors feel for their lines and heard the thunder of the explosions of emotional dynamite in the hearts of my audience. I knew it was stored there if I could only reach it with a spark across those footlights.

Whether I actually found the hearts of my hearers can perhaps be best judged from the following words from the correspondent of the *New York Evening Post*, my bitterest enemy in the newspaper world. He is reporting the performance in Charleston, S. C., a month later, October 25, and says:

"As a potent factor in determining the future treatment of the gravest problem with which the country has to concern itself, and as a means of sowing the seed of revulsion for the black man, this play cannot well be ignored.

"Already 'The Clansman' is almost the sole subject of conversation in every Southern home where the news of its presentation has come. In the city of Charleston, the day following the two performances, press reports and

published criticisms were eagerly read. The Southern newspapers are flooded with letters from prominent men who could not be induced to so advertise a dramatic production which had not as its issue a question of tremendously vital importance. Mr. Dixon has his audience. To those who have the future harmony of the two races at heart, the presentation of 'The Clansman' must come as a crushing blow.

"Picture, if you will, a Southern playhouse crowded to the doors on a sultry night with whites. There are no negroes in the gallery, which is unusual. The audience is of the best and the worst. There are present those to whom the ghastly picture of a land rent with race feud, aggravated by prejudice and by political buccaneering and chicanery, is little obscured by time. The younger generation, which had no part in the war and its disastrous sequel, is as bitter as the fathers. There is the spirit of the mob. There is something in the stolidness of the crowd, before the rise of the curtain, that is out of keeping with the temperament of the people. It is as if they were awaiting the return of the jury, knowing already what the verdict will be. They know, but they must hear it again, and again. The orchestra is playing a lively air—but an orchestra is superfluous. The people have not come to be amused—and that is a



Byron, N. Y.

The arrest of Capt. Cameron by the negro, Lynch, supported by colored troops
SCENE IN THOMAS DIXON'S PLAY, "THE CLANSMAN"

feature which is startlingly evident to every close observer. "There is comedy, or what passes for comedy, in the play. True, there are laughs, but it is not hearty, wholesome laughter. There is an hysterical note in that laughter; and it hushes as if by common consent. Every reference to the maintenance of the power of the white race is greeted with a subdued roar.

"It is now many years since the first ill-advised production of Mrs. Stowe's 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' Something like the tremendous wave of passion which that play wrought in the North, at a time when passion ran high, is being reproduced by 'The Clansman' in the South at a time when passion sleeps, but sleeps restlessly. In 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' the negro was shown at his best. In 'The Clansman' the negro is shown at his worst. The glamour of his love of humor, his songs and pleasures, his faithfulness, is stripped from him. True, there is a 'good nigger' in the play, but he evokes little interest. The daring pen of Mr. Dixon has presumed to place before the eyes of a Southern audience a picture approaching as nearly as possible to the 'unspeakable crime.'

"When the cause of the carpet-baggers and the Black League seemed in the ascendant there was hissing. But it was not such hissing as one hears directed toward the eyebrows of the villain in the ordinary melodrama. The whole house, from pit to roof, seethed. At times the actors could not go on."

The following extract from *The Times*, reporting the Chattanooga performance, gives a more friendly accent to the same message:

"Two audiences, which were by far the most demonstrative and sincerely enthusiastic that have ever witnessed a production at the Opera House, saw last night 'The Clansman,' laughed and cried, hissed and cheered, screamed and applauded as sensible men and women have never been known to do while witnessing a performance in Chattanooga.

"It is not within the province of a dramatic criticism to discuss the result upon a people of the production of a certain play, and nothing of this character will be attempted. We are concerned here merely with the strength of the play, the excellence of the



Byron, N. Y.

The guilty negro, Sam, before the awful tribunal of the Ku Klux Klan
SCENE IN THOMAS DIXON'S PLAY "THE CLANSMAN"

cast and the enthusiasm with which the audience received it. "If there has ever been produced in this country a play of such intense dramatic qualities, a play which holds the attention of the audience so closely, and one which excites to an almost inconceivable pitch, it has never been seen in Chattanooga. 'The Clansman' is so intense that one feels almost exhausted after witnessing the production and it produces an excitement so real as to almost breed violence."

When the success of the play was assured beyond a doubt on the first night the supreme consciousness of power over an audience was something I had never experienced before. For fifteen years I have lectured—often to crowds of 5,000 people. I know the feeling of an orator who holds an audience breathless on every word, and yet it was nothing compared to the joy of watching those two thousand people in that theatre live with me in laughter and tears, in hisses and cheers, the scenes of my play. I dreamed myself a musician, the fifty actors on the stage the living strings of a great harp which throbbed in unison with my own pulse-beat as I swept the souls of my listeners.

The accusation that I wrote "The Clansman" to appeal to prejudice or assault the negro race is, of course, the silliest nonsense. For the negro I have only the profoundest pity and the kindest sympathy.

My play is a demonstration of the truth of Abraham Lincoln's words: "There is a physical difference between the white and black races which will forever forbid them living together on terms of political and social equality." Believing this with his whole soul, Lincoln, up to the day of his death, urged Congress to colonize the negroes.

This nation must yet return to Lincoln's plan, or, within fifty years face a civil-racial war, the most horrible and cruel that ever blackened the annals of the world. I have given twenty years of patient study to this problem and I can see no other possible solution.

In my play I have sought National Unity through knowledge of the truth.

The Southern people vainly imagine they have solved the negro question by Jim Crow cars and Grandfather Clauses for the temporary disfranchisement of the blacks. They have overlooked the fundamental fact that this Nation is a democracy, not an aristocracy, and that equality—absolute equality, without one lying subterfuge—is the supreme law of our life.

When Mr. Roosevelt, whom I helped elect President, recently rode through the crowded streets of the South, the center of admiring eyes, a black shadow brooded over the fairest sky—a dark host lined one side of the street—a white host the other. With what different emotions they gazed on this wonderful man! At every banquet table of his triumphal tour an unbidden guest was there, grim, black, silent, nameless, yet seen by every eye! What of the future! This is the question I am trying to put to the American people.

people North and South—reverently and yet boldly. I believe that the stage is the best medium for placing this tremendously vital question plainly before the whole people. My play cannot be misunderstood. In the fierce white glare of the footlights its purpose and the lesson it conveys become clear to every man and woman in this broad fair land of ours. It is, indeed, the "writing on the wall." Will the American people heed its warning?



Byron, N. Y.

ACT II, "THE CLANSMAN"

Capt. Cameron: "Don't dare address this lady in that manner again"

Shakespeare Forgeries

THE announcement from London of Professor Wallace's alleged discovery of the pleadings and decree in the chancery suit of Bendish, William Shakespeare and others against Mathye Bacon, April 26, 1615 (regarding the authenticity of which said documents considerable doubt is expressed) recalls the great Shakespeare forgeries in 1794 when the cleverest men in England, including even Boswell and Sheridan, were humbugged by a specious adventurer named William Henry Ireland, who kept a too gullible public in a state of hysterical excitement by constantly "unearthing" alleged autograph letters and new manuscript plays of the immortal bard. The forger was so plausible and successful that as keen a critic as Richard Brinsley Sheridan was completely deceived and actually produced at Drury Lane Theatre a play written by Ireland in the belief that it was a newly discovered work by Shakespeare.

This celebrated forger was born in 1777, an illegitimate son. His father, Samuel Ireland, began life as a weaver and finally turned his attention to art. He was found by Horace Walpole in later years forging certain prints which were being sold as originals. Young Ireland received a good education both in England and in France, and by the time he returned to London, ready to assume a profession, he spoke with a decided French accent, due to his long absence on the continent. He was articled to a Mr. Bingley of New Inn, for the study of law; and in this place, the Shakespeare factory was destined to be established.

Samuel Ireland, by this time, had won some distinction for himself as a Shakespeare enthusiast; he was engaged upon a book dealing with Stratford, and he made a thorough tour of the place, accompanied by his son, and by one Jordan, the village poet and Shakespeare guide. In the town they met with many "makers" of Shakespeare relics; here they found odds and ends that people assured them were genuine; but more vital to them than any of the local landmarks was the fact that certain Shakespeare manuscripts carried from New Place to Clopton House during a conflagration had actually been handled by one Williams, whom they talked with in the latter place.

"As to Shakespeare," the old man said to them, "why, there were many bundles with his name wrote upon them. It was in this very grate I made a roaring fire of them!"

William Henry, like his father, was an assiduous relic hunter, and the temptation to resort to subterfuge was born of this taste. He one day fixed up an old volume, dedicated to Queen Elizabeth and handsomely bound, which, if it contained a dedication penned in weak ink, might be taken for the original presentation copy. Having prepared the new leaf to be inserted by a bookbinder, he went to a shop known to him, where curiously enough he learned how to make the future



EDWARD S. WILLARD IN "THE FOOL'S REVENGE"

"Shakespeare ink." The man Laurie, strangely, never mentioned this fact in after months when the manuscripts were the talk of the town, nor did the two men who were present at the time, and who themselves showed young Ireland how to combine three curious liquids so as to obtain the dark brown fluid, which, when slightly heated, would settle so that none could detect its recent use.

The dedication was written afresh, and the completed book presented to Samuel Ireland, much to that credulous gentleman's delight. "But oh," he sighed, soon after, "how happy I would be for a real signature of the divine bard!" Forthwith, young Ireland, turned into the forger.

Alone in his room at New Inn, this boy bent over documents, traced letters from stray writing in old volumes and went in and out among bookstalls, hunting for old paper and yellow parchment. To gratify his father was the motive he claimed for his forgery of the signature which he affixed to a supposed lease entered into by Shakespeare and John Heminge with Michael Fraser and his wife. The handwriting of the text was an imitation of an old James I. deed.

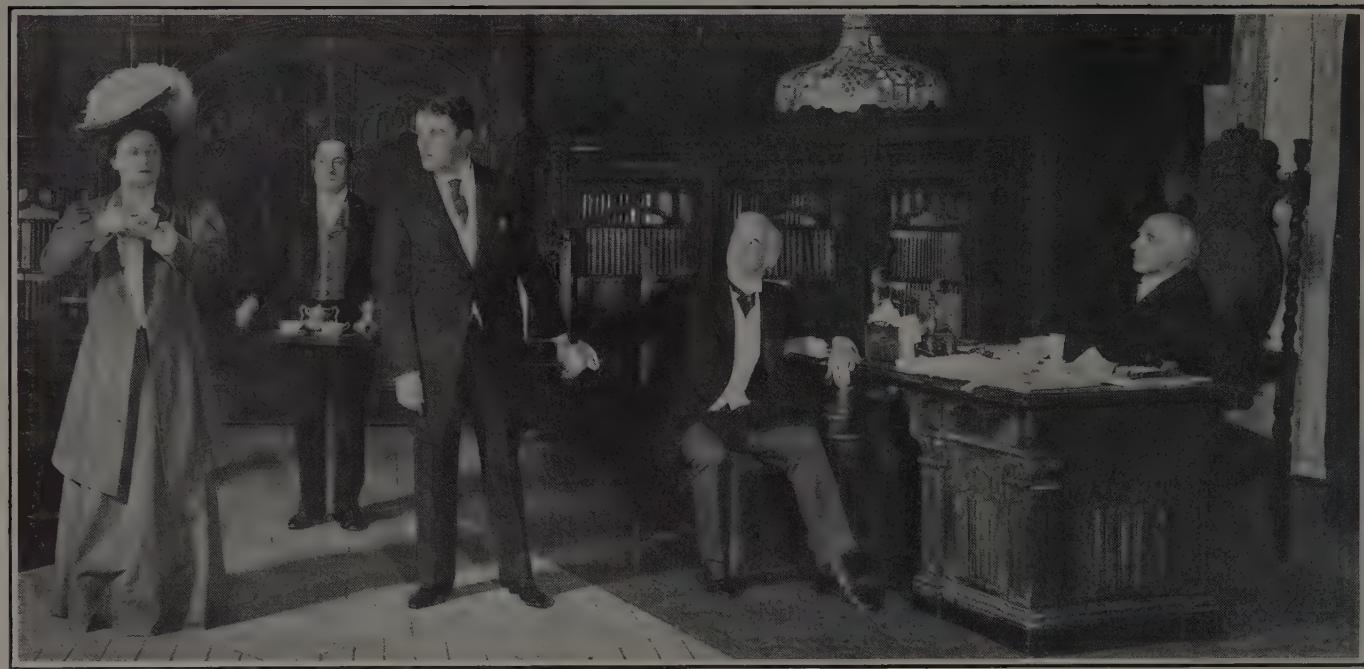
Looking here and there, young Ireland secured broken seals which he mended, wrote with his right hand for one person, with his left hand for another, touched up old portraits, signed others as though they had come from the green room of the Globe Theatre, and attempted stray verses and acrostics, with surprising success. The deeper he got into it, the more reckless he became, the more gullible his followers seemed to grow, Samuel Ireland foremost among them. The boy knew nothing of seals, yet he thoughtlessly used them; he knew nothing of water marks, yet at times he became seriously confronted with the problem; he was absolutely ignorant of crests, yet he juggled with them, and somehow duped his questioners.

From the first, he found his father an easy prey, yet, withal, young Ireland had to frame lie after lie. When Shakespeare's profession of faith had been skilfully penned and miraculously



ALICE LONNON

Supporting Mr. Willard in "The Fool's Revenge"



White Grace Elliston

Richard Bennett

Edmund Breese

E. A. Eberle

SCENE IN "THE LION AND THE MOUSE," AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE

"discovered," the cry was raised: "You tell us you have obtained these papers from an old man who wishes to remain nameless? Why should he part with such treasures?"

"Because," was the prompt reply, "because I found for him in looking over the papers a document of great family value, and he is grateful to me in consequence."

People began to flock to the Ireland house; there were those among them who declared that in much of the writing, a style was evident, unsurpassed in the English language. Hearing all this, young Ireland's vanity was touched. New "discoveries" poured from his factory in rapid succession.

His forgeries set so-called Shakespeare scholars to upset their theories; new light was thrown upon the bard as business man; upon the practical running of Elizabethan theatres. One afternoon, Boswell, the shadow of Johnson, unaccompanied by the flesh, arrived to view the wonders. While examining them; he sipped brandy and water, and he was there a long while! Whether wholly himself or no, he became convinced that he was handling great Shakespeare's manuscript, and down upon his knees he went, kissing the scorched papers, while restraining the tears that filled his eyes. In other parts of London, people were wearing in lockets pieces of hair, supposed to be the poet's, which young Ireland had bought,—wiry hair which was selected to accord with the Droeshout picture.

Carried along by a mad frenzy, the boy met doubts with lies, and usually won, in the most puerile fashion, the doubters and their friends. He produced play-house receipts, contracts with actors, bills for appearing before Leicester, Elizabeth's signature. Everyone went wild with curiosity; the Ireland home became a museum, where cards of admission had finally to be issued.

We can, however, at the very outset de-

tect the seeds of Ireland's final undoing. Malone, who was most assiduous in his charges against the boy, was looked upon grudgingly by the family, even when Samuel Ireland, during his trip to Stratford, was refused permission, granted to Malone, by the Corporation, to make a plaster cast from the bust of Shakespeare in the Stratford Church. Then again, young Ireland had a friend in New Inn, named Montague Talbot, and was discovered by him one day, while in the midst of work. Talbot, having once accused Ireland of forgeries, had bided his time and now jumped before a window in full view of the forger's table. He was immediately sworn to secrecy. Then, the existence of the old man of the ale-house must inevitably lead to persistent inquiry and final investigation. But nothing daunted, Ireland went on, even trying to purchase the Shakespeare birth-place.

Events had reached this state when our would-be bard tampered with the play of "King Lear," making alterations on a few of the pages. This was enough to set the literary world by the ears. "What an artist Shakespeare must have been!" said one; "Note his growth in execution," exclaimed another; "Ah!" they all exclaimed together. Young Ireland saw his psychological moment. Refusing Talbot's offer of aid, he wrote a play "Vortigern," purporting to have been one of Shakespeare's, and suggested by a picture of his father's, materially furthered by incident from Holinshed.

"Strange coincidence," murmured some, smiling upon the boy of eighteen, who smiled in return upon their innocence. It was a long play, brought forth in small quantities. "Buy it," Richard Brinsley Sheridan advised, "it's a good purchase; there are two and a half dramas in it." "What a sensation!" cried the managers of



Otto Sarony Co.

MISS MARGUERITE ST. JOHN
Who gives authority and distinction to the rôle of the
billionaire's wife in "The Lion and the Mouse"

(Continued on page v.)

In the Music World

THE music season has struck its pace—the pace that it is apt to keep during the entire balance of the season. To mix metaphors, the month has been a tonal whirlwind in which music lovers have been hurtled about from opera to concert, from



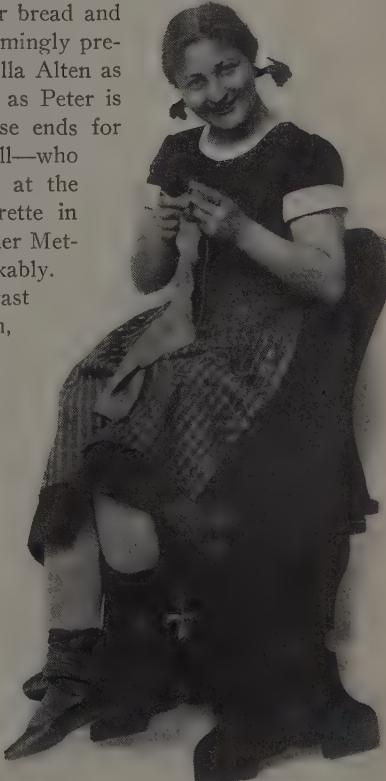
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EDYTH WALKER
As "The Queen of Sheba"

ropolitan Opera House, where thus far two new productions and one revival have occupied those busy stage boards. Goldmark's "The Queen of Sheba" and Humperdinck's "Hänsel und Gretel" were given within the space of one week—and the opening week into the bargain—the balance of which sennight was filled with "La Gioconda," "Rigoletto" and "Tannhäuser." "The Queen of Sheba" has proven, alas, to be out-moded. This is more than a passing pity, for the big work with its gorgeous pictures and spectacular and ballet opportunities is just the sort of an opera that is suited for the big proscenium frame of the Metropolitan. In its present production at the Metropolitan—which is called a revival only because it happens to have been done in this Opera House years ago—lavish new scenery and costumes are assembled to convey the idea of King Solomon and his stage glory. Some of the former has been declared to be archeologically anachronous, and the grouping of the latter has been criticized for the offence the shrieking color contrasts give the eye. But these all would be pardoned if in the work itself there throbbed the quick pulse of interest. Much of the Goldmark music is lovely, and moreover it is tuneful—almost old-fashionedly so; but the action moves on a plane that sustains interest only for a couple of acts, leaving the audience yawning for carriage and home for as many

acts more. It is barely possible that the auditor would manage to pardon the excessive length of the work if not the present cast of singers in this production did so little to uphold interest. To begin with, Van Rooy has never been cast in a more unhappy part than that of Solomon. He is unbending in his assumed dignity to a point that banishes the idea of human interest. One of the critics has frankly called the rôle that of a bore. Then Edyth Walker does not look every inch a Queen—neither of Sheba nor of any other throne—and she sings the rôle far from satisfactorily. Knote as Assad is dramatic, but there has crept into his voice a steely timbre that is most unlovely and that harks back to the school of German tenors who made rigid sounds with rigidly fixed muscles and cords. The Sulamith, sung by Mme. Marie Rappold, proves this singer to be in every way a remarkable discovery. She has a voice of lovely quality and her singing is delightfully clean. Her phrasing is musical, her appearance pleasing; what she lacks is the sacred dramatic fire, and that may be acquired, for at present this singer appears as a novice boasting no stage experience worth the mention. Her acting is conventional but in it she does not offend. She is the most promising voice that has been unearthed in this land of singing teachers and studio voices for many a year. Hertz's conducting is entitled to praise.

Humperdinck's fairy opera "Hänsel und Gretel" was graced at its première at the Metropolitan Opera House by the presence of the composer, who did not, however, participate actively, conducting none of the performances during his stay in this country. The music of this work is beautiful—that fact has long been admitted by even those who had little love for the camp of Wagner and his progeny, and its orchestration is masterly. The story is a lovely one for grown people who have once been children that believed in witches who baked tots into gingerbread. How many of the natives of this scurrying race ever heard of such delightfully improbable things is still not known to the operatic census taker, but they probably would swallow the story in the whole cloth, ginger bread and all, if the work were more charmingly presented at the Metropolitan. Bella Alten as Gretel is charming, and Goritz as Peter is noisily realistic, but there praise ends for the principals. Lina Abarbanell—who scored such a rousing success at the Irving Place Theatre as soubrette in musical comedy—disappointed her Metropolitan audiences unmistakably. Her chickness was lost in the vast spaces of this big auditorium,



Burr McIntosh

sh
FRAÜLEIN ALTEN
In "Hänsel und Gretel"

"La Favorita" was the other revival, and it doubtless was revived because of Caruso. It is a type of Italian opera that is insufferably dull. Everyone starts to hear it with the resolution that the fourth act is the one worth waiting for, and those who survive until this time of the evening are so tired that they fail to discover why they have waited. With a tenor less great than Caruso the work would not bear repetition. In this, too, Edyth Walker's singing is not a joy. She has fallen into the habit of "scooping" her notes and of shrilling in a manner that makes the listener wince. Plançon, Scotti and Bars contribute their share to the evening's work, as does Mme. Jomelli, a newcomer on these operatic boards. The latter made her débüt one Saturday night—the first one of the season—when she sang Elizabeth in "Tannhäuser." She proved to have a pleasing voice and with it a tendency to draw her notes and her phrases into unmentionable lengths of sentimentality.

Olive Fremstad also appeared in this performance for the first time of the season and again acted a Venus that was a joy to the eye and at times one to the ear. Why so prominent an artist should be allowed to make her re-entry on so unimportant an evening and why she then should be kept out of the operatic répertoire for a fortnight and only to appear once more at the expiration of that time at a popular-price performance—that is one of the mysteries of the present régime of opera. On the second occasion she sang a glorious Sieglinde in the season's first performance of "Die Walküre." She is a big artist of whom still greater things may be expected.

Mme. Nordica has not appeared in the happiest vocal state imaginable. She has struggled valiantly for the big tone that formerly characterized her work, and she has clipped some of her phrases as though she labored severely in her singing. Both her Elsa in "Lohengrin" and her Brünnhilde in "Die Walküre" have been disappointments

to her admirers. She has grown remarkably slender since last season, but her voice sounds as though she had bantled it too. Knoté, also, has proven a disappointment to those who lauded this wonderfully lyric voice last year. Not only the "The Queen of Sheba," but also in "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin" did he fail to arouse the former enthusiasm.

Mme. Sembrich, who sang with such wonderful art at her song recital, again has been delighting her audiences by the marvelous grace of her singing in opera. The balance of the operas must be glossed over. "La Gioconda" proved as interesting as it had last season; "Rigoletto" and "Lucia di Lammermoor" as old-fashioned; "L'Elisir d'Amore" as tuneful; and "Die Fledermaus" as unfit for the Metropolitan as ever.

Gessford
MAUD POWELL
Distinguished violinist
who has returned
from a tour in
Europe and
South Africa

handling have even gone so far as dropping the curtain upon Sembrich and Caruso while they were singing a closing duet. It would all be comical if it were not sad. The giving of grand opera is not a pastime, but should be an art—and the latter is not possible unless there be competent stage managers.



Copyright Aimé Dupont

A NEW PORTRAIT OF EMMA EAMES

One new singer, a Mr. Bell-Resky, sang one consecutive time with a voice that vibrated into neighboring keys. He was said to have been a barytone, but since then he is said to have returned to his native vocal health.

Several new sets of scenery have been imported to revamp old operas, such as "Favorita" and "Lohengrin"—the latter new set being a very pretty one; but with almost each great work there arises the regret that this big stage is not handled competently. In the "Tannhäuser" performance the first-act Venusberg scene was almost made to seem silly because of the stage mismanagement, and the production of "Die Walküre" fared little better. If the scenery was hideous it would not matter so much, but the fact that most sets now employed in this opera house are very satisfying accents the sin of mishandling and mislighting. A remarkable opera stage manager is about as rare as an auk's egg—that everyone knows; but Mr. Conried has had several years to cast about, and he has known from the start that this department was the weakest one in the entire organization here. During the past month the silly slips of stage

GRACE WASSALL
Chicago composer whose
Shakespeare Cycle will
be given in five
performances by a
quartette headed
by Bispham

handing have even gone so far as dropping the curtain upon Sembrich and Caruso while they were singing a closing duet. It would all be comical if it were not sad. The giving of grand opera is not a pastime, but should be an art—and the latter is not possible unless there be competent stage managers.

Of concerts there has been a glut; and of prime importance among all of them was the novelty introduced by the Boston Symphony Orchestra of having brought over to this country Vincent d'Indy, the eminent French composer. At the head of the Boston men he conducted works of the new French school, including some of his own compositions, giving two entire programmes up to that purpose. It must be frankly admitted that the affairs proved very tedious.

The d'Indy symphony did not reveal any new beauties under the baton of its composer, and a Chausson work of the same genre proved but little better.

Some short compositions by Magnard, Faure, Debussy, Dukas, d'Indy and César Franck spiced the two affairs with variety and novelty. But two whole programmes of the modern French in music are about one and one-half too many for our restless ears. The chief disappointment, however, lay in d'Indy himself, who proved to be a conductor



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M. GERARD
Well-known Belgian cellist appearing here this seasonHALL
KIRKBY LUNN
English contralto who
will appear with the
New York Oratorio
Society in
February

of little personality—if one is to judge by the effect he had upon the men who played under him—and one who told us little new about the works by himself and his own countrymen. He beats time,

(Continued on page iv.)

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who is again tour-
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Death of "Aunt Louisa"

Mrs. Louisa Eldridge, known to the whole theatrical profession as "Aunt Louisa," died in this city on Dec. 9, aged seventy-five years. Her death caused genuine sorrow everywhere, for she was not only one of the oldest living American actresses, but she was generally beloved for her good deeds, especially by children, to whom she was devoted. The funeral took place at All Souls' Church, and some of the most prominent people connected with the stage assisted at the last rites, among others being: Mrs. Barry Williams, Mrs. W. G. Jones, Mary Shaw, Cora Tanner, David Warfield, Mrs. Edwin Arden, Edwin Arden, Neil Burgess, Mrs. Fernandez, Mrs. Spooner, the Rev. Walter C. Bentley, Colonel T. Allston Brown, David Belasco, Mrs. Annie Yeaman, Melbourne McDowell, Louis Mann, Bijou Fernandez, Robert E. Stevens, and Nannette Comstock. There were floral tributes from the League of American Players, the Shakespearean Club, the Elks, the Rainy Day Club, and other societies. The body was cremated and the ashes were interred in the Actors' Fund plot in Evergreen Cemetery.

"Aunt Louisa" was born in Philadelphia in 1830. When about fifteen she got an engagement with the Chestnut Street Theatre, and while playing in that company received an offer from P. T. Barnum, with whom she made her first great hit as Crazy Agnes in "The Drunkard." Later she played the Prince of Wales to the elder Booth's Richard III. Then she married and temporarily retired from the stage. Five years later, after sundry domestic troubles, she re-appeared in 1858 under Barnum's management at his New York Museum, corner of Ann street and Broadway. Two years afterwards saw her at the New Bowery Theatre, playing soubrette rôles. After two seasons, she received a liberal offer to go to Cincinnati, where she appeared with all the noted stars of the day, and first assumed the part of Juliet's nurse. Her Madame Prudence was her best impersonation, and this rôle she played with Modjeska at the Fifth Avenue and with Clara Morris at the Union Square. For the last eight years she had been in retirement.

Marco Praga and Signora Gressac are working on a new comedy, "The Given Word." The two authors expect to finish it within two months, when it will be offered to Eleonora Duse, to be given by her in Italy next spring. It will be produced at once in French in Paris, in English in London and the United States.

Leoncavallo is busy on a new opera, "Veranda," the libretto of which is by the young Calabrian poet Luigi Cunsola. The subject is based on the defeat of Otho II. of Saxony near Stilo, in July, 982.

Enrico Corradini has written a modern drama, "Maria Salvestri," which Eleonora Duse has accepted and will give during Lent in Turin. It is a strong work, full of sharply contrasted characters and passions, with interesting situations, and should be admirably suited to Duse. It will doubtless soon be seen all over the intellectual world.

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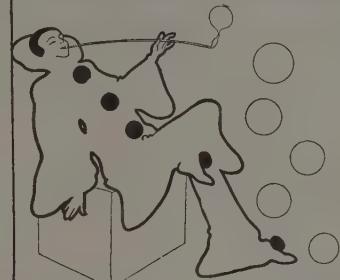
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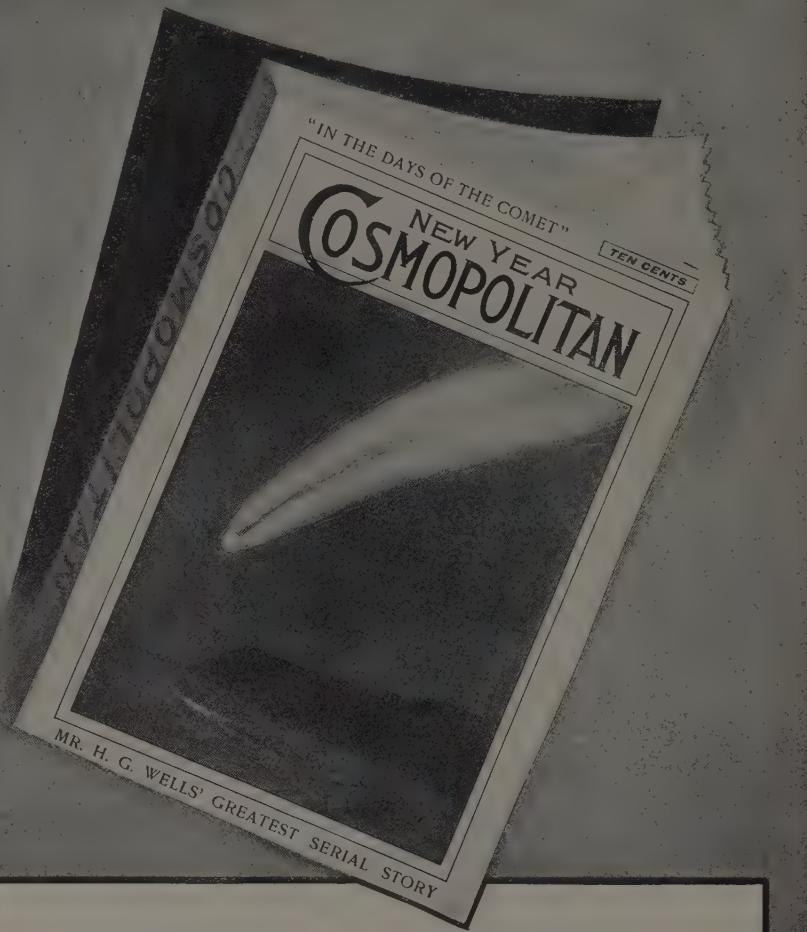
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In the Music World

(Continued from page 26.)

with his head mostly in the score and not—as the old comparison suggested—with the score in his head; and the men follow as this body of excellent players would follow any leader. But of huge moments of exquisite shadings there are none that stamp d'Indy a great conductor. His visit to this country was an interesting departure for the Boston Symphony Orchestra, but it was principally the interest of anticipation. To much greater advantage was the Kneisel Quartet concert at which two-thirds of the programme was devoted to d'Indy's music, the composer playing the piano part of one of the early quartets himself. The latter one of these two works presented was a highly interesting and at times a fascinating one, most cleverly made, and wonderfully played by the Kneisels. D'Indy's visit to this country will be remembered more by music historians than it will be recalled by music lovers.

The reappearance of Kubelik after an absence of several years also aroused interest—curiosity to know how much this violinist had grown during his absence. The young man's playing proved that he was still master of many techniques, but not the father of any one great temperamental passion. His playing leaves the audience cold, while his pyrotechnics amaze the few.

Instead of a foreign conductor the Philharmonic Society engaged Victor Herbert for its second brace of concerts, and this German-Irish-American conductor led a very stunning reading of the "New World" Symphony by Dvorak. The playing of the orchestra upon these occasions left a very great deal to be desired, and the soloist of the affairs was Raoul Pugno who magnified the Grieg Piano Concerto into a work of noisy importance. Walter Damrosch at the head of his New York Symphony Orchestra is still giving interesting programmes, and the work of the orchestra is admirable. The Philadelphia Orchestra strayed out of its own bailiwick and gave a single concert at Carnegie Hall, but beyond a very stunning reading of Goldmark's "Sakuntala" Overture under Fritz Scheel's baton, the work of this band did not lure any great enthusiasm from mortals or critics.

Miss Elsa Breidt, an exceptionally talented pianist, who has had the careful training of Alexander Lambert for years, gave a concert at Mendelssohn Hall, together with the New York Symphony Orchestra. Miss Breidt proved to have a very pretty tone, an ample technique and an admirable poise for an artist so young as she is. There have been piano recitals, violin and song recitals, concerts of old music by the Sam Franko Orchestra, concerts of Russian music by the Russian Symphony Society, quartet concerts—all practically without end. New York is music mad, and more than sufficient unto each day is the music thereof.

The Prince of India

Klaw & Erlanger's production of J. I. C. Clarke's dramatization of Gen. Lew Wallace's novel, "The Prince of India," will be given its first performance in Chicago on Feb. 5th next. It is in a prologue and 5 acts, with 15 tableaux. The scene is laid in Constantinople in 1435, and the story deals with the capture of that city by Mohammed. The incidents of the siege are one of the principal features. The central character is the Wanderer, or Prince of India—borrowed by Gen. Lew Wallace from Sue's "Wandering Jew." This rôle will be played by J. E. Dodson. Other personages are Mohammed; Mirza, the Emir, also known as Count Corti; Constantine, the Emperor of the Greeks; Ehranza, the Grand Chamberlain; Duke Notaras, the Lord High Admiral of the Greeks; Gennadius, the fanatic monk; Sergius, the Russian monk; Nilo, the dumb African giant king, servant to the Prince of India; Urban, the cannon-founder; Irene, the Greek Princess; Uel, a Hebrew of Constantinople, and Lael, his daughter.

The New Tiffany Blue Book

The 1906 edition of the Tiffany Blue Book is the first to be issued from the firm's new Fifth Avenue marble building, and it concisely describes the largely increased stock, special manufactures and rich importations assembled for the first season on Fifth Avenue. The problem of bulkiness developed by the annually increasing number of pages has been successfully met by a superior and much lighter weight paper. Although the new book has many more pages, it has been reduced one-quarter of an inch in thickness. As therefore, there are no illustrations of Tiffany & Co.'s wares, a convenient alphabetical side index giving quick access to the diversified stock of this great establishment. Altogether there are 330 pages with 1,750 sub-heads, under which the range of prices is given on upward of 6,000 articles. Upon application, a copy of the book will be sent without charge by addressing TIFFANY & CO., Fifth Ave. and 37th St.

Shakespeare Forgeries

(Continued from page 24.)

Covent Garden and Drury Lane, as they struggled for its possession. The friendship of Samuel Ireland won it for Drury Lane. On second thought, Sheridan said: "It's unpoetic; at least Shakespeare wrote poetry. It must belong to the bard's younger days." Money accrued from the preliminary contracts, though Ireland asserted that no mercenary motives had led him into the trickery.

Then, while rehearsals were in order, Malone's voice was heard—Malone, the doubter; he was preparing a pamphlet to expose the fraud. On the "first night," he even issued hand bills, cautioning the public not to be fooled. The curtain went up: the house was jammed. John Kemble, Charles Kemble, Mrs. Powell, and the bright Dora Jordan were in the cast. Songs were sung, written by Linley, whose daughter had once so romantically run away with Sheridan; and young Ireland, nervous in the extreme, wandered from box to green-room, from green-room to box.

In the fourth act, John Kemble delivered the line "And when this solemn mockery is o'er"; there was a howl of derision from the pit—possibly from the enemy's stronghold; Kemble enjoyed the fun, and unwise repeated the line, much to Sheridan's chagrin, and to the wounding of Ireland's vanity. The play was not a success. Perhaps Mrs. Siddons was glad that a cold kept her from the cast.

Thereafter, "Vortigern" was printed, with a "new drama," "Henry II." The latter was an improvement in "Shakespeare's style," modelled along the lines of Henry V, and its probable existence was authenticated by a mention in the *Biographic Dramatica* of such a Shakespearian play. Young Ireland now planned a whole series of dramas, covering English history, reign by reign, from William the Conqueror, but he did not have any idea of publishing the ones he had already completed. His father's decision to do so, startled him; for the first time he wavered openly.

"Suppose they should not be Shakespeare's manuscripts after all," said the boy; but Samuel Ireland, full of blind enthusiasm, would not heed the cry of a guilty conscience.

The next move on the forger's part was to collect Shakespeare's library, writing notes and signatures upon the leaves and margins of old books. By coach, father and son went to show the treasures to the Prince of Wales; then they were called before the Duke of Clarence, who showed himself skeptical.

"Let us see the old gentleman," was the sudden cry; "we insist upon seeing him." Young Ireland's courage began to fail. People began to line up against him; Malone, Steevans and many others. The little unknown man must take tangible form. Ireland now referred to him as "Mr. H." Then he resorted to another fabrication. In his lifetime, Shakespeare had been much beholden to one William Henry Ireland, an ancestor of the present family. Here was a *faux pas*, for in Elizabethan days, two Christian names were unheard of. Still, remaining unchallenged, Ireland held to his story. Shakespeare had left a deed of gift to Heminge, willing all manuscripts to this very Ireland; Mr. H. therefore, was none other than a descendant of the culprit who had never fulfilled the bard's desires. At this late date, the Irelands were coming into their own!

Naturally, people wished to see the old man. Talbot was written to, questioned, made to swear the truth of what he knew about the whole affair; a committee was appointed to investigate, and from it two were selected by young Ireland, presumably by Mr. H., who saw no alternative, to confer with the unknown man. But the two refused to act, probably frightened by the uncanniness of the already increasing mystery. Pushed to the wall, tormented, and pressed on every side, young Ireland confessed, after having destroyed his tools. Samuel Ireland would not believe the truth; the more the son confessed, the more the father raged, until, finally, the situation dawned upon him. Ireland the boy was renounced; long before, young Ireland had moved from his father's house, so as to avoid constant intimacy and questioning; even then he was not suspected.

The man when discovered took the tone of a martyred saint. Throughout his life, and he lived until 1835, he tried to show that he was a harmless trick. In later years he wandered from place to place eking out a living in diverse ways, even resorting now and then to his old practices, by forging his own forgeries. And though when he died he left behind him poems, novels and other papers, it was *Ireland the forger* he was called.

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Queries Answered

The Editor will answer all reasonable questions in this column, but irrelevant queries, such as the color of this or that player's hair or eyes, or matters connected with their purely personal affairs will be ignored. No replies by mail. Write questions on one side of the paper only.

Z. Z.—Q.—Has Maude Adams a house in this city? A.—Yes, in East Forty-first street. See our September, 1903, issue. You can procure it at this office.

Washington University.—Q.—Will you publish a list of modern plays suitable for dramatic club productions? If permission to produce any of the plays be necessary, kindly give the names and addresses of persons with whom arrangements would have to be made. A.—Write to Samuel French, No. 26 West Twenty-second street, or Miss Kausler, 1432 Broadway, N. Y.

Alfred Barber.—Q.—Kindly let me know if the Pollard's Liliputian Opera Company is considered a good company? A.—We cannot answer questions of this kind. Q.—Where is Jessie Bonstelle now playing? A.—With the Fifty-eighth Street Proctor Stock Company of this city. Q.—Have you photos of Mrs. Leslie Carter for sale at your office, and at what price? A.—Write to Meyer Bros., 26 West Thirty-third street, New York, for price lists.

Kames.—Q.—Who played the fool in Robert B. Mantell's production of "King Lear"? A.—Edwin Brewster, Q.—Is Mrs. Sarah Cowell Le Moyne dead? A.—She is not, but her husband recently died. Q.—Did Mrs. Le Moyne not star in "The School for Husbands" under the title of "Lady Berintha's Secret"? A.—She did not. Your other questions will be answered next month. Q.—Was Alberta Gallatin ever a metropolitan star? A.—No. She was leading woman for several seasons at Proctor's 125th Street Theatre. Q.—Who played Prince Charming in the Broadway Theatre production of "The Sleeping Beauty and the Beast"? A.—Viola Gillette.

Alta L. Reger.—Q.—Where can I secure photographs of Bruce McRae, Edward Mackay, and May Buckley? A.—Write to Meyer Bros., 26 West Thirty-third street, N. Y. City. Q.—Also autographs of Dustin Farnum, May Irwin, Robert Edeson, and Maxine Elliott? A.—By writing to them. As a rule artists object to giving their autographs, as they are pestered with such applications.

Y. R. Holman.—Q.—Will Dave Lewis visit Memphis this season in "The Geese of Geek"? A.—We do not know. Write to his manager.

A. F. B., N. Y.—Q.—When and where was Maude Adams born? A.—Salt Lake City, Utah, about 1872. Q.—What is her real name? A.—Maude Adams. Q.—Is she married? A.—No announcement to that effect has been made. Q.—When and where did she first appear on the stage? A.—As a seven-and-a-half-months-old baby in "The Lost Child," in Salt Lake City, in 1873.

D.—Q.—Where does William J. Kelly, of Proctor's 125th Street Theatre, live? A.—We do not give private addresses.

Detroit Reader.—Q.—Please give the date of birth and death of the following: Tomasso Salvini A.—1829, Still living. Fanny Davenport A.—1850—1898. Isadore Rush A.—1878—1904. Thomas Jefferson A.—1829—1905. Jessie Bartlett Davis A.—About 1855—1905. Henry Irving A.—1838—1905.

G. F. C.—Q.—Please give the name of an English magazine similar in purpose to the THEATRE MAGAZINE, noted for its criticism of new plays produced in London? A.—We do not know of any. Q.—In what number of the THEATRE MAGAZINE was a criticism of "Mary and John" published? A.—October, 1905. Q.—I do not understand your remark, "secret of economy," in the criticism of Clyde Fitch's "The Woman in the Case" A.—The idea intended to be conveyed was that Mr. Fitch is such a master of the technic of the drama that he economizes his materials. We do not remember any such remark concerning the Irish plays on Fourteenth street. Q.—Is it necessary to give positions on stage in a manuscript play when said positions have no bearing on the action? A.—It was always well to indicate all "business" possible. Q.—Has "Mizpah" by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, been changed since its production in Oakland something over a year ago? A.—We are not aware that it has.

E. M. P.—Q.—What places will Miss Edna May visit on her road tour, and when will she be back in New York City? A.—See route in theatrical trade papers. Q.—In what issue did pictures of "The Squaw Man" appear, and how can I obtain that number? A.—July, 1905. Write to this office.

A. H. E.—Q.—Is Arnold Daly married? A.—Yes. Q.—What new play does he contemplate putting on the stage, and when? A.—We do not know. He is now on the road.

Franklin La R.—Q.—Have you published pictures of the following actresses, and if so in what numbers? Julia Marie Taylor? A.—No. Mabel Hollins? A.—No. Clara Belle Jerome? A.—No. Kate Condon? A.—No. Bessee Wynn? A.—No. Katherine Bell? A.—No. Bessee Clayton? A.—June, 1905. Florence Sylvester? A.—No. Eugene Cowles? A.—January, 1905. Edwin Stevens? A.—No. Hilda Spong? A.—December, 1901.

V. V. W.—Q.—Is Violet Aubrey English or American? A.—English. Q.—In what plays has she appeared? A.—We do not know.

J. P. Tooel.—Q.—When are you going to have an interview with Miss Roselle Knott, now starring in "When Knighthood Was in Flower"? A.—We cannot say.

Mrs. Inquisitive.—Q.—Is the curtain of the Majestic Theatre of asbestos, as the name is not written on it? A.—According to law, every theatre must have an asbestos curtain.

Edith Otis.—Q.—When will Nance O'Neil come to New York, and in what theatre will she play? A.—She appeared recently here, and is not likely to come again soon. Q.—Where can a life sketch of Elita Proctor Otis be found? A.—Write to her.

Reader.—Q.—Where is May Buckley? A.—Starring in the Far West. Q.—What do you know of her career? A.—See back issues of this magazine. Q.—Is she married? A.—Not to our knowledge. Q.—Will you publish a picture of her soon? A.—We have had several. Q.—Will you interview Richard Mansfield? A.—See THE THEATRE for March, 1904.

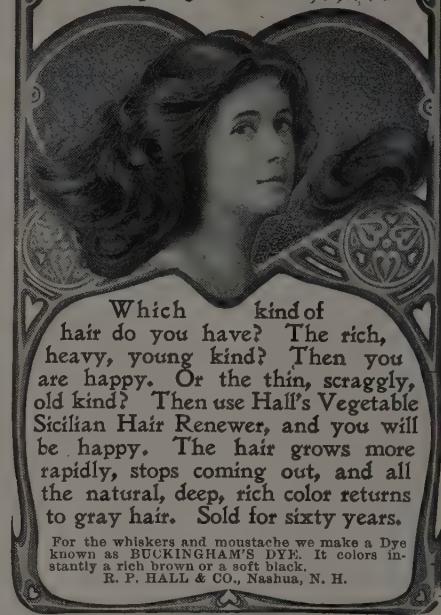
Little Busy Body.—Q.—Is Mrs. Chauncey Olcott an actress? A.—No.

G. E. L.—Q.—With whom will Bruce McRae play when he leaves Miss Barrymore? A.—We cannot say. Q.—Will you give a short sketch of the life of Robert Lorraine? A.—Possibly we may have an interview with him.

R. G. Coles.—Q.—In what play is Polly Guzman playing now? A.—We do not know.

Frances McClurg.—Q.—Will you give me the address of a firm carrying shoes for toe dancing, also price per pair? A.—See our advertising columns.

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The Theatre Everywhere

(From Our Correspondents.)

Albany, N. Y., Dec. 11.—This town has begun to taste the fruits of New York's early season. John Drew repeated his usual performance; this time it was called "Delancey." Chauncey Olcott appeared at "Edmund Burke," contributing to our knowledge of Irish history the hitherto unknown fact that the great orator was something of a warbler of love songs. That welcome prodigal from the field of grand opera, Fritz Schell, trilled and skylarked her way through "Mlle. Modiste," to the delight of a house full of Empire theatregoers. "Checkers" packed the Empire a week ago. This is the second time that Albany has, in positive terms, endorsed this very human little play. Also at the Empire came the young Jefferson boys with "The Rivals," proving that something more than the memory of a great father is needed to attract an audience. **WILLIAM H. HASKELL.**

Atlanta, Ga., Dec. 10.—The menu served the patrons of the Grand for the past month in the way of first-class attractions was all that could be desired. First in importance was the week's engagement of Wright Lorimer in a sumptuous production of "The Shepherd King." Joe Weber with his all-star company, came and made hundreds laugh with his "Higgledy-Piggledy" and "The College Widower." We all thoroughly enjoyed "A Message from Mars," with its beautiful lesson of "otherdom." "Sergeant Brue," with funny little Frank Daniels in the title rôle, was well received. The Bijou has also proffered some good offering lately, chief among which was the appearance of the young actor, Mr. Daniel Ryan, in romantic and classic plays. **D. E. MOOREFIELD.**

Augusta, Ga., Dec. 11.—The latest plays seen here are "The Madcap Princess," Pauline Hall in opera, Mabel Paige in "Cosy Corners," "When We Were Twenty-one," "The Beauty Doctor." Last but not least is the return engagement of Miss Suzanne Sante in "Sowing the Wind." The Star Vaudeville Theatre is still reaping the harvest in the way of receipts, as they have had crowded houses since the opening performance. **WILSON G. HUNTER.**

Baltimore, Dec. 11.—Among the new plays seen here this season, one of the most enjoyable was "La Belle Marseillaise," with Virginia Harned in the title rôle. David Belasco's revival of "The Heart of Maryland" drew capacity houses, as did Bertha Galland in "Sweet Kitty Bellairs." "Just Out of College" and "Checkers" also pleased large houses. Among the bright musical pieces seen here recently are "Loveland," "Fantana," "Little Johnny Jones," "Girls Will Be Girls," "Fritz in Tammany Hall," and last but by no means least, Lew Fields and company in "It Happened in Nordland." **KENNETH M. WISONG.**

Boston, Mass., Dec. 8.—At the Hollis Street Sothern and Marlowe have begun their annual engagement in Shakespearean répertoire for three weeks. The audiences are very appreciative. Lovers of Shakespeare are also enjoying the Ben Greet players at Jordan Hall. Many who attend are professors and students from near-by colleges. Mrs. Fiske's long expected engagement began at the Tremont Dec. 4, and brilliant audiences have seen her in "Leah Kleschma." She was preceded at this theatre by what promises to be a perennial attraction, Maclyn Arbuckle in "The County Chairman." At the Park "The Lion and the Mouse" recently terminated a remarkably successful month's engagement. Arnold Daly followed at the Park for one week with "You Never Can Tell." Two rather unpleasant weeks at the Colonial with the "Prodigal Son" were followed by N. C. Goodwin in "Wolfville" for a fortnight, which proved to be its last. The company disbanded, Guy Standing going over to the Park to join the cast of "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots," which is now playing there. **HETTIE GRAY BAKER.**

Brunswick, Ga., Dec. 10.—Florence Davis, in "The Player Maid," pleased our theatre-goers. On account of illness, Lewis Morrison was unable to appear in "Faust," but George Trimble was seen as Mephisto. His work was clever. The treat of the month was "A Madcap Princess," with Sophie Brandt in the title rôle. The Ton Stock Co. was launched here, and as a popular-priced company pleased. Although we have seen "When We Were Twenty-one" several times, it was thoroughly appreciated this year. **ALBERT C. BANKS, JR.**

Cedar Rapids, Iowa., Dec. 13.—"Hap" Ward and Lucy Daly in "The Graftor" at Greene's Opera House here played to fair business. Carrie Reynolds in "The School Girl" was moderately successful. "Dora Thorne" drew a good audience. The Flints, week of Nov. 27, received as good patronage as ever; their engagement was interrupted Thanksgiving Day by "The Irish Pawnbrokers." "Uncle Si Haskins," Dec. 5, played to poor patronage. Margaret Bennett and Hope Latham in "The Woman in the Case," Dec. 6, were cordially received. Miss Margaret Ralph, Dec. 9, in "The Taming of the Shrew," made a good impression. On the 12th Mildred Holland appeared in "The Triumph of an Empress." **L. H. MITCHELL.**

Chattanooga, Tenn., Dec. 12.—Jacob Wells, of the Bijou Theatre, hopes to have his new house completed by April, so that he may work in a few weeks of popular-priced plays before the season closes. "The Clansman" appeared here on November 10th, and was vigorously denounced by press, pulpit and public. Walker Whiteside did well in a rather tame play. Wright Lorimer in the "Shepherd King" appeared November 27, 28 and 29, and was greeted with crowded houses. Eleanor Robson in "Merely Mary Ann" was probably the most thoroughly artistic event so far. Joe Weber's all-star company drew numerous laughs on November 25. Al H. Wilson in "The German Gypsy," Suzanne Sante in "Sowing the Wind," and David Proctor in "A Message from Mars," all gave great satisfaction. **A. F. HARLOW.**

Cincinnati, Dec. 12.—The Grand Opera House during the past month has been well attended. Ethel Barrymore in "Sunday" pleased large audiences, followed by "Sergeant Brue," Frank Daniels, Maxine Elliott in "Her Great Match," and this week we have McIntyre & Heath, our old vaudeville favorites, with us in "The Ham Tree." The Walnut has presented a Cincinnati girl, Rose Shay, in "Paul Jones," which drew well. "Miss Bob White" and "The Chaperones," the Columbia, has had good vaudville, Heuck's and Lyceum their usual class of melodrama, while the local stock company has given us exceptionally good performances of "The Little Minister," "Prisoner of Zenda," "Prince Karl" and "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." **J. B. HALL.**

Clinton, Iowa., Dec. 5.—At the Clinton Theatre Thomas W. Ross and his company presented "A Fair Exchange" Nov. 11. It gave universal satisfaction. May Irwin captured the audience on the evening of Nov. 14 in "Mrs. Black is Back." On the evenings of November 24th and 25th the old favorite, Tim Murphy, and Dorothy Sherrod, his wife, appeared in "A Corner in Coffee" and "David Garrick." Curtain calls were numerous. Adelaide Thurston was with us Thanksgiving after-



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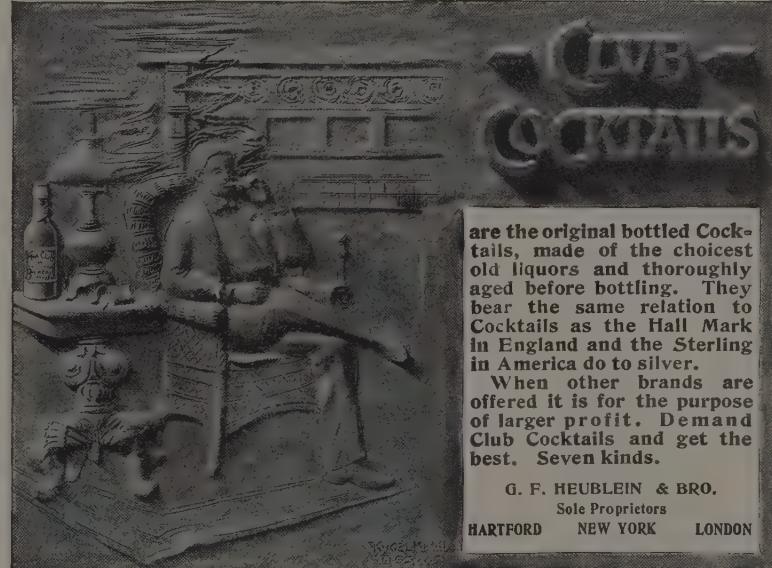
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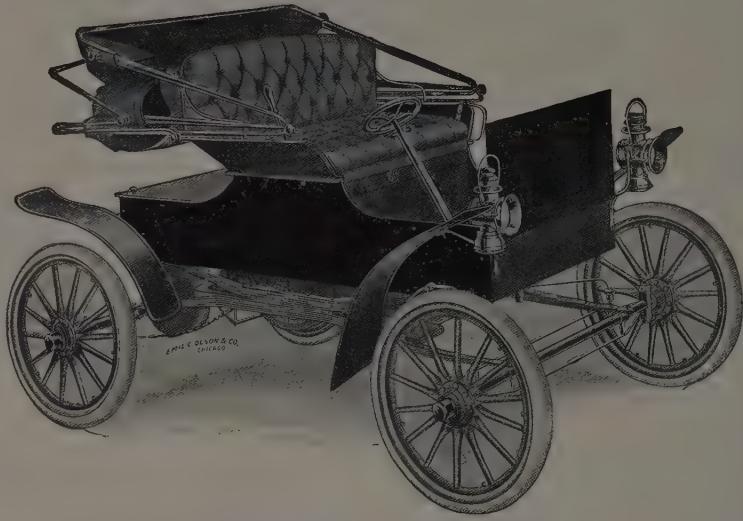
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noon and evening. This dainty little actress has won her way into the hearts of Clintonites. Modjeska was greeted by a large audience on the evening of December 1, when she appeared in "Mary Stuart." **LILLIAN HULETT.**

Colorado Springs, Col., Dec. 7.—"The Shaporne" was with us on the 14th, and on the 15th that very popular "Show Gun" made its first appearance. On the 23rd we saw George Ade's "The College Widow." On Thanksgiving the Nelson-Britt pictures were seen, all the admirers of theistic sport were present. Saturday evening, the 2d, we had "Under Southern Skies." Monday evening, the 4th, "Way Down East," with its quaint characters of old New England, drew a full house.

HOMER B. SNYDER.
Evansville, Ind., Dec. 10.—We had some of the best shows on the road at the Grand last month, and the outlook for next month is still brighter. At the People's we had the usual menu of comedy dramas, melodramas and burlesques, with an occasional musical comedy. The Bijou opened for business the middle of last month and is proving popular. It is devoted exclusively to vaudeville which is of the highest order. The acts that have appeared so far have been well received, and this house will no doubt enjoy excellent business inasmuch as the prices are popular.

Robert L. O'DELL.
Fairmont, W. Va., Dec. 9.—On Nov. 8 "The Beauty Doctor" appeared here, but did not please as well as last year. David Proctor in "A Message from Mars" gave good satisfaction on the 10th. The annual appearance of Vogel's Minstrels was greeted by a good audience. The dramatic version of "Parsifal" served to give Fairmont some idea of the opera. "Piff, Paff, Pouf" was well received, Mary Emerson in "Will o' the Wisp" played to an appreciative audience. **W. P. NUZUM.**

Fort Worth, Tex., Dec. 6.—We have had some good attractions, and now that the Majestic, the local house of the Interstate Amusement Company, is open, Fort Worth theatregoers will have the opportunity of seeing some of the best vaudeville artists on the stage. The Majestic was opened on Nov. 27th to a large audience. Miss Virginia Calhoun, billed to appear in this city, at Greenwall's Opera House, on Nov. 13th, failed to materialize, and it is reported that this company disbanded in Oklahoma City. On Nov. 15th George Ade's comedy "The County Chairman" with Theodore Babcock in the leading rôle, was presented to a large and very appreciative audience. "The College Widow," by the same author, appeared on the 17th. **R. L. POPE.**

Fresno, Cal., Dec. 10.—Lew Wallace's "Ben-Hur" was seen here for three nights, and every available seat in the house was sold long before the opening night. On December 8 Richard Mansfield appeared here as Richard III before one of the most fashionable audiences of the season. The ever-welcome "Prince of Pilsen" was given last week to a crowded house, in fact, the record breaker of the season. For the holidays, Manager Barton has booked "The College Widow," "The Sho Gun" and many other notable plays.

E. C. VAN BUREN, JR.

Goshen, Ind., Dec. 13.—The Jefferson Theatre, projected here by William V. Fink, built on the ticket subscription plan and managed by Harry G. Sommers of New York, was dedicated Nov. 6th by Richard Mansfield in "The Merchant of Venice," the receipts being about \$3,500. Gov. Hanly and Attorney-General Miller represented the State of Indiana at the dedication. "East Lynne" 9, "Parsifal" 10, Britt-Nelson moving pictures 14, West's Minstrels 15, "The Eternal City" 17, "Nobody's Claim" 18, "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" 20, Rosati's Band 21, "The Rajah of Bong" 22, "Eben Holden" 28, "In the Bishop's Carriage" 29, "Why Girls Leave Home" 30, Eva Tanguay in "The Sambo Girl," Dec. 1, enthused large audience; Rose Coghlan in "The Duke of Killiecrankie" 2, Britt-Nelson pictures 5, "The Diamond King" 8, "The Seminary Girl" 11, North Bros. Répertoire Co. 12-16, "Woodland" 19, "The Wizard of Oz" 23, "The Sleeping Beauty and the Beast" 29. **W. V. FINK.**

Town City, Ia., Dec. 12.—"Little Johnny Jones" was given the heartiest reception accorded any musical comedy here this season. "Florodora" was not presented in a satisfactory manner. It was the unanimous opinion of all who saw Clyde Fitch's "The Woman in the Case" that no better drama has appeared at the Colbren for years. Tim Murphy, favorite here, is at his best in "A Corner in Coffee," to which he seems better suited than "David Garrick," which he played on a return. "The Girl from Kays" was satisfying. **F. B. KIMBALL.**

Las Vegas, N. Mex., Dec. 2.—At the Duncan Opera House, Nov. 30, the B. of R. T. Ball was well attended. Dec. 4, Jules Murry's company was seen in "The Marriage of Kitty," on Dec. 6 we had "Two Merry Tramps." The Duncan Opera House changed managers, Arthur Low taking possession and Manager E. R. Blood retiring.

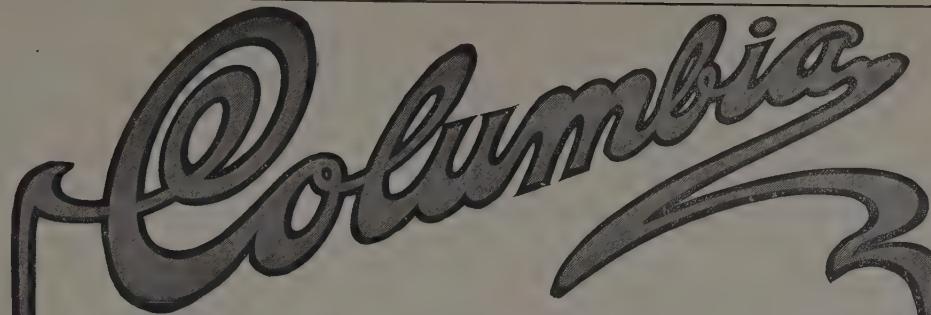
HELEN M. WOODS.
Lexington, Ky., Dec. 8.—Christmas month in the Blue Grass welcomed for the first time. Blanche Walsh in Clyde Fitch's "The Woman in the Case," with S. R. O. Weil's Band, of St. Louis-New York, with a well selected program, pleased and was enthusiastically enjoyed on the 7th. "The Rajah of Bong," a musical comedy of merit, with A. B. Burgess and Sisters El-More, attracted and amused many admirers of tuneful melody.

J. F. ANNEAR.

London, Can., Dec. 8.—Very few meritorious attractions of the better class have visited us of late, and, strange to say, the major portion of these few were greeted by poor houses. Among the latest, two worthy of mention are "The Yankee Consul" and Winston Churchill's "The Crossing," both of which, though the last of note, are now to us, figuratively, ancient history. The former, with the popular Canadian comedian, Reuben Fax, in the title rôle, deservedly made a decided hit before the largest audience of the season. Supported by a strong company, "The Crossing" met with the pleased approval of a disappointingly small house. Bennett's Vaudeville Theatre forms a cheerful haven of refuge from out the dreary slough of local dramatic stagnation, and citizens are well aware of the fact. From the first raising of its curtain in September up to the present date a continuous round of first-class bills has almost invariably been the offering. **CURTHBERT J. ALLEN.**

Louisville, Ky., Dec. 5.—Every season brings an increase in the local interest in theatricals. Otis Skinner had a very successful engagement here, as did Ethel Barrymore. Eleanor Robson charmed "S. R. O." houses for three nights and one matinee. But as in preceding seasons, comic opera seems to be the main booking of Mr. Macauley this season. "Piff, Paff, Pouf" had splendid houses in spite of the fact that this was their second season here. "The Isle of Bong-Bong" drew fairly well. This show has the making of a good opera, and with the changes they intend to make in it should "make good" when it reaches New York. **EDWARD EPSTEIN.**

Marshalltown, Iowa., Dec. 10.—"The Rajah of Bong," a musical show, copied after several well-known productions, disappointed a fair-sized audience at the Odeon. "Florodora" proved a very fair production. The show closed soon after playing this city. Adelaide Thurston in "The Triumph of Betty" pleased a big house. "The Woman in the Case," with its one great act, was well



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received. Margaret Eennett played the rôle created by Blanche Walsh. Bobby North in "The Girl from Kay's" was entertaining, but the piece lacked good voices.

JOSEPH WHITACRE.

Milwaukee, Dec. 7.—"The Land of Nod," at the Davidson, proved satisfactory to Milwaukee theatregoers. "Lovers and Lunatics," at the Alhambra, the same week, likewise were well received. Keller, the master magician, paid Milwaukee another visit. Mr. Keller was assisted by Paul Naladen, and they presented a multitude of mystifying and bewildering spectacles. Miss Grace Van Studdford in "Lady Teazle" was a treat for the music lovers. Good-sized audiences greeted "The Yankee Consul" when that company opened its second engagement here. "In the Bishop's Carriage" followed at the Davidson. "Uncle Dan," one of Barney Macauley's rural dramas, was presented at the Bijou. Mr. Fred Wykoff, who was featured as Uncle Dan, worked principally along burlesque lines, but at times he showed he was capable of serious work. Minnie Church proved admirable in the part of Clip. "Happy Hooligan," with all his troubles, at the Alhambra, made a hit here. The Tannhäuser Stock Company, that has presented many well-known plays here for the last seven years, has disbanded, and, beginning with next season, traveling companies will be at the Academy of Music.

C. W. HEAFFORD.

Minneapolis, Minn., Dec. 13.—The business at the theatres has fallen off somewhat owing to Christmas. At the Metropolitan Andrew Mack, May Irwin and Sam Bernard are entertaining the pleasure seekers. The Orpheum is offering bills which crowd the house. The Bijou's business is better than ever, owing to the better class of offerings. The Lyceum management is promising Vaughn Glaser Stock Company as its magnet. J. WILK.

Nashville, Tenn., Dec. 7.—On Nov. 15 William and Joseph Jefferson appeared in "The Rivals." The house was well filled. Never has Nashville accorded any actress so hearty a welcome as they did Eleanor Robson in "Merely Mary Ann." Every seat was sold. Theatregoers did not care for Suzanne Sante in "Sowing the Wind," and gave her a rather poor reception. However, she had a good house. The same cannot be said of John Randsome in the "Isle of Bong Bong."

JESSE H. GRAY.

New Haven, Conn., Dec. 11.—An important event in theatricals here has been the opening of S. Z. Poli's new vaudeville theatre and the changing of his Bijou Theatre from a vaudeville house to legitimate. The new theatre, which is known as "Poli's," is a fine structure. The foyer and the grand staircases are of marble, decorated with clusters of electric lights, and the auditorium is handsomely decorated with statuary, gold leafing and paintings. On the opening night the house was filled, and the entertainment was furnished by Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew. After the performance a fine banquet was enjoyed, the invited guests including Gov. Henry Roberts, Ex-Gov. Abram Chamberlain, Lieut.-Gov. R. S. Woodruff, Congressman N. D. Sperry, Mayor John P. Studley, Judge J. B. Ullman, Hon. G. L. Lilley, Hon. W. C. Thomas, Hon. J. P. Elton and Hon. Alexander Harbison. The Bijou, which Mr. Poli formerly ran as a vaudeville house, has been remodeled and opened with a stock company headed by Lawrence McGill and Gertrude Shipman.

Geo. W. Kynd.

Pittsburg, Dec. 10.—Our leading theatres have given us value above the ordinary level. Miss Barrymore in the delightful "Sunday" at the Nixon, and Mrs. Leslie Carter in "Adrea" were notably well received. "Mrs. Temple's Telegram," at the Independent playhouse, although interpreted by a splendid company, unaccountably failed to please. Jefferson D'Angelis played to nightly crowded houses in "Fantana." Miss Claude's work in "The Chinese Honeymoon," when last seen here, had already endeared her to local playgoers.

HOWARD JOHNSTON.

Portsmouth, O., Dec. 14.—Renthrow's "Jolly Pathfinders" was the attraction at the Grand Thanksgiving week, with daily matinees, and did a tremendous business. Quincy Adams Sawyer Co. pleased Dec 5th, and "The Rajah of Bongh" was seen on the 11th. Al. G. Fields came on the 12th, to capacity of house, as usual. Creston Clarke, in "Monsieur Beaucaire," the 15th, charmed the large and fashionable audience present. "Deserted at the Altar," the 18th. Roy McELHANEY.

San Diego, Cal., Dec. 1.—"En-Hur" played here last week, giving three nights and a matinée. San Diego is surely on the list. Flaverly's Minstrels are here with matinee and evening performances.

T. J. STOREY.

Sioux City, Iowa,—Florence Roberts presented "Ann La Mont" in Sioux City to a most enthusiastic audience. Francis Wilson, Nov. 21, bored a large portion of a large audience with "Cousin Billy," but recovered their favor with "The Little Father of the Wilderness." Tim Murphy, who is a great favorite here, and Dorothy Sherdon in "A Corner in Coffee" filled the theatre Nov. 4. William Owen in "Othello" attracted a few of the Shakespeare devotees Nov. 3. Mme. Helena Modjeska, Dec. 10, in "Mary Stuart."

H. F. INGERSOLL.

Springfield, Mass., Dec. 10.—We have seen recently at the Court Square Theatre Kyrie Bellew in "Raffles," John Drew in "D'Lancy," Arnold Daly in "You Never Can Tell" and "Candida," and Joseph Wheelock, Jr., in "Just Out of College," all of which played to large and fashionable audiences. Other good attractions at this house were "The Pearl and the Pumpkin," James O'Neil in "Monte Cristo," Fritz Schell in "Mile. Modiste," one of the early performances of "Before and After." The event of the month at the Gilmore was the engagement of Maud Fealy as leading lady of the Shea Stock Company. Her initial appearance was as Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall, in which she charmed.

H. W. Atwood.

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Tacoma, Wash., Dec. 7.—Tacoma has been given the "cold shoulder" by the high class attractions during the last few weeks, and theatre-goers have had to content themselves with the local stock companies. The Mack Swain Company presented very acceptably "The Side-walks of New York" and "The Little Minister," while the Allen Stock Company, at the Star Theatre, delighted their patrons with "Dad's Girl." F. KIRBY HASKELL.

Texarkana, Ark.-Tex., Dec. 7.—"Woodland" pleased a large and enthusiastic audience Nov. 17th, and Josh Perkins held the boards on the 18th. Hoyt's "Bunch of Keys" was a great disappointment on the 25th. "Sowing the Wind" was a high-class melodrama, which pleased a small audience Nov. 28th. "Dora Thorne" on the 30th was well received. W. LIONEL MOISE.

Toledo, Dec. 10.—Otis Skinner in "His Grace, Du Grammont" gave one of the most enjoyable performances seen this season. William Crane in "The American Lord" was a treat. The situations in the play are very amusing. "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots" played to one of the smallest houses of the year. Alice Neilson in "Don Pasquale" played to capacity. Thomas Ross, in "A Fair Exchange," had a fair house. Ezra Kendall was in "The Vinegar Buyer." HARRY S. DRAGO.

Topeka, Kan., Dec. 7.—The Grand Opera House, after being dark for a period of four years, was thrown open to the public on the 27th of November with "The Girl from Kay's," followed by "In Old Kentucky." Florence Roberts with Max Fignan and company in "Ann La Mont" pleased a good-sized house, also Adelaide Thurston in "The Triumph of Betty." LOUIS H. FRIEDMAN.

Toronto, Can., Dec. 9.—That the managers have threatened to wipe Toronto off the theatrical map is not to be wondered at. "The Duke of Killicrankie," a thoroughly delightful comedy, played for three nights before a discouraging number of empty seats. Blanche Walsh in "The Woman in the Case" filled out the week with little more success. Olga Nethersole in "The Labyrinth" succeeded in packing the Princess Theatre at every one of eight performances. Of the six operas and music dramas sung by Henry W. Savage's English Grand Opera Company, "Aida," "Rigoletto" and "The Valkyrie" proved the most popular. A Hobart atrocity with an excellent press agent was "Coming thro' the Rye." AUSTIN A. ARLAND.

Troy, Ala., Dec. 11.—The Park Stock Company, under its own tent, played one week in early December. The company is a strong one and did a good business in Troy. Recently Falmar's Theatre has given the theatre-goers of this city two splendid attractions. On Dec. 6th Miss Florence Davis, in the "Player Maid," completely captured her audience. Miss Suzanne Sante, in "Sowing the Wind," pleased.

E. M. WRIGHT.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 9.—Entirely remodeled and rejuvenated, both within and without, the Majestic Theatre (formerly the Empire) opened to a large audience on Nov. 20 with "How Baxter Butted In." The auditorium is one of the handsomest in the city. Eugenie Blair opened here Nov. 27 in "Oliver Twist" to good business, and, although hampered with a crude version of the play, gave an excellent performance. Edmund Elton and Bill Sykes divided honors with the stars. Wright Louder, Maxine Elliott, John Drew, Otis Skinner, Kyrie Bellew, Bertha Galland and others have played engagements in this city during the month to large and appreciative audiences. KENNETH P. CLARKE.

Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Dec. 10.—Among the best performances given at the Nesbitt were Viola Allen in "The Toast of the Town," Digby Bell, Creston Clarke, the Jeffersons in "The Rivals" and Ezra Kendall. The lovers of music were given a great treat on Dec. 8th, when Kubelik gave a concert here. His playing was marvelous, and the large and aristocratic audience showed its appreciation by deafening applause. Other attractions were "The Office Boy," "Robin Hood," Yorke and Adams, "Eight Bells," McHenry's Minstrels, "Princess Chic," and "The Old Homestead," "Running for Office," and "David Harum" crowded houses. S. W. LONG.

Yankton, S. D., Dec. 5.—Nov. 1st "An Orphan's Prayer" pleased a small audience. 15th Sanford Dodge pleased; 16th, 17th and 18th the Century Stock Company to big business and pleased. Oct. 20th "Irish Pawnbrokers" pleased a fair audience. 25th "Florodora" to capacity. 30th "Rip Van Winkle." Dec. 1st, "The Telephone Girl" to fair business. 4th "The Girl from Kay's" to good business. MAURICE W. JENCKS.

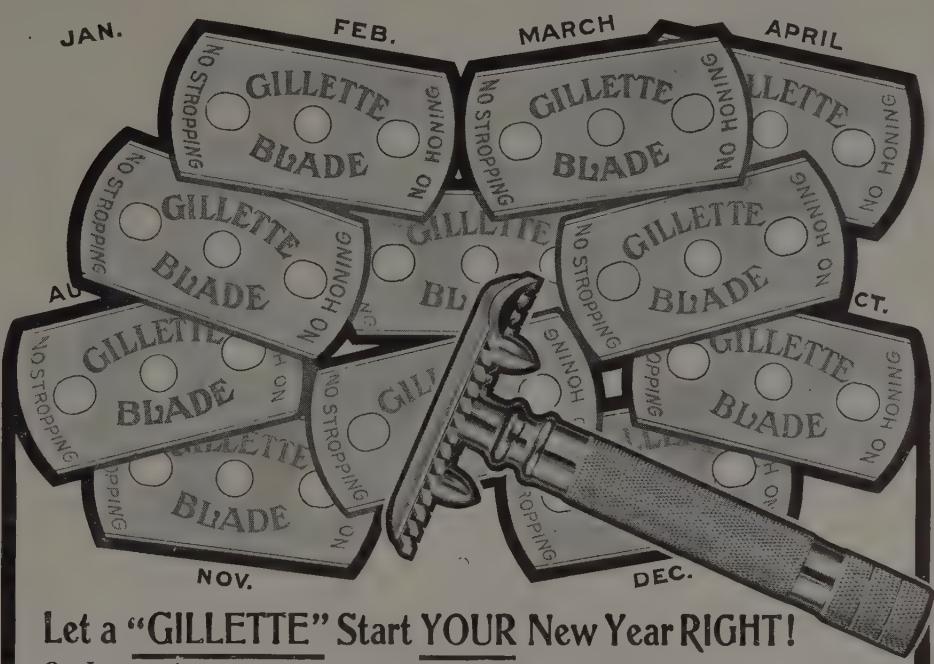
Zanesville, Ohio, Dec. 10.—The month just passed witnessed a veritable carnival of high-class plays at the Weller Opera House, and with such attractions as Viola Allen in "The Toast of the Town," Blanche Walsh in "The Woman in the Case," and McIntyre and Heath in "The Ham Tree," our most critical audiences could find nothing to complain of. Bookings for the near future include Mrs. Fiske, Grace George, Jeff D'Angelis and a number of high-class artists. A. H. LEVY.

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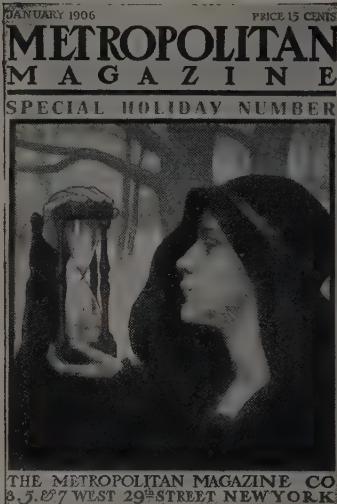
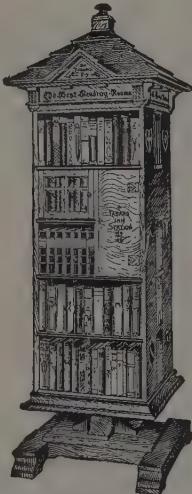
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Plays of the Month

(Continued from page 6.)

and interest such a foolish creature could expect. It is waste of finished technic, great talent and much personal popularity. Robert Drouet did what he could with the ridiculous rôle of the Duke, and Hassard Short was amusing as a Georgian nincompoop. The real hits were scored by Isabel Irving as an egotistical rival actress, and by Ferdinand Gottschalk as an old man who rents lodgings.

MANHATTAN. "BEFORE AND AFTER" Farce, in three acts, by Leo Ditrichstein. Produced Dec. 12 with this cast:

Dr. George Page, Fritz Williams; Dr. Philip Latham, George C. Boniface, Jr.; James Jeffreys, Thomas A. Wise; Colonel Larivette, Leo Ditrichstein; Edgar Driscoll, Roy Fairchild; Antony, John Da'y Murphy; Cassius, John Daly Murphy; Mrs. Page, Katherine Florence; Odette De Vere, Georgie Lawrence; Cora Bell, Kenyon Bishop; Mrs. Taylor, Jean Newcombe; Louise, Helen Warren; A Shop Girl, Mabel Findlay.

"Before and After" is the most recent contribution of an actor-playwright who is a purveyor of adaptations from the French. The austere Manhattan Theatre is unaccustomed to the kind of levity it provides, but the actors taking part in it are entirely fitted to the distinction in quality that has characterized the house. Trivial as the play may be, as impossible as it is with reference to American life, there is plenty of vitality and amusement in it. With ordinary players, the defects of the piece would be too apparent to permit of success for the play, but there are passages and bits of acting in it that provoke genuine laughter, and laughter is a rare commodity. Fritz Williams was never in better form; Thomas A. Wise has moments of exceeding drollery, and Mr. Ditrichstein himself is well suited in familiar limitations. Georgie Lawrence, as a woman rounder, a disengaged actress, looking for chances to make ready spenders part with their money, represents capitally a real type, giving us true comedy in the midst of farce, and Katherine Florence adds a touch of daintiness and gentleness that restrains the boisterous folly. The play itself has little or no merit of novelty. The device of a powder administered surreptitiously in wine in order to bring about a change in the relations between the characters would be too preposterous and childish for acceptance if comical situations did not result. That a man takes a woman and her companion to Saratoga and passes them off as his wife and daughter, the facts being so "adapted from the French" as to be morally harmless, is absolutely meaningless, without cause or reason, but in farce of the kind it is effect and not cause that counts. Unreason and mistakes are essential to the folly. Very few professional adapters have any real skill; they never gain any real reputation, and they get vastly more credit than they are entitled to or can ever retain; but credit must be freely given to Mr. Ditrichstein for having successfully eliminated the salacious from the original. He does it clumsily, but he does it.

LIBERTY. "A FAIR EXCHANGE." Comedy in three acts, by Henry Blossom. Produced Dec. 4 with this cast:

Walter Langhorne, John Flood; Bob Howe, George Parsons; The Honorable Leftwich Murray, Percy F. Ames; Dicky Dickson, Donald MacLaren; Perkins, Newton Lindo; Cliffe Austin, Thomas W. Ross; Nancy Joyce, Channer Olney; Barney, T. H. Davies; Lily Belle Sturgis, Claire Kulp; Mrs. Ryerson, Lizzie Hudson Collier; Lydia Van Corlear, Bijou Fernandez; Commodore Sturgis, Forster Robinson; Lulu, Gertrude Doremus; Antoine, Axel Brunn.

This piece will add nothing to the reputation either of the author of the successful "Checkers," or to that of Thomas W. Ross who is starred in it. At best, it is a pot boiler. What story there is, deals with the uninteresting doings of certain members of New York's flashy set, and the plot hinges on the desperate efforts of a blackguard stock broker to retrieve his Wall street losses. He gets up all night poker parties and after betting against a certain boat in the Larchmont yacht race, makes drunk the man who is to race it. Mr. Ross figures as a species of Sherlock Holmes who is "wise to" the machinations of the villain and finally straightens things out. Incidentally, he makes love timidly to little Lily Belle, who is heartbroken over the death of her little dog "Peach." John Flood played the broker strenuously and George Parsons made a personal hit as the bibulous yachtsman.

LEW FIELDS. "THE PRESS AGENT." Musical comedy in two acts, by Mark E. Swan and John P. Wilson. Produced Nov. 29 with this cast:

Benton Scoops, Peter F. Dailey; Bunny Hare, Frank Lalor; General Bustamonte, Theodore Frieberg; Francis Seabrooke, Bertram Wallace; Captain Gatling, Albert Froom; Silas Fosdick, W. F. Rochester; Bitter Creek



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Peter F. Dailey is a comedian whose humor, happily, is lighter than himself. There is no mistaking his personal vogue. His good nature and healthy corpulence have been as potent factors in his popularity as his fun-making. However, at moments he is very amusing, and there are many of these moments in "The Press Agent," which may be set down as a successful musical piece of its class. A theatrical press agent becomes a war correspondent with orders to make news if news be lacking, and a South American revolution furnishes plenty of opportunity. Mr. Dailey has some clever topical songs which he sings in his usual manner. The best of these are "In Gay Manhattan," "The Simple Life" and "Alexis from Texas," for which last there is an effective chorus of cow boys and cow girls. Altogether, the piece pleases. It is brightly written and elaborately staged, and there are plenty of pretty show girls. Kate Condon, who plays opposite to the star, shares honors with Mr. Dailey. Her songs "Moonlight" and "Away to Spain" are encored nightly.

NEW AMSTERDAM. "THE FOOL'S REVENGE." Drama in three acts, by Tom Taylor. Revived Dec. 12 with this cast:

Galeotto Manfredi, Frank Dyall, Guido Malatesta, Ivan F. Simpson; Bertuccio, Mr. Willard; Serafino dell'Aquila, William Sauter; Baldassare Torelli, Ernest Stallard; Gian Maria Ordellaffi, Walter Edmunds; Bernardo Ascoli, H. Barfoot; Ascanio, Mr. Cane; Ginevra, Ruth Barry; Francesco Bentivoglio, Mabel Dubois; Fiordelisa, Alice Lonnon; Brigitte, Rose Beaudet.

Edward S. Willard, a favorite with theatregoers of all classes, has again visited New York. Of late years this sterling English actor has not been very fortunate in his choice of plays. He is at his best in pieces of the kind in which he first won American favor, to wit: "The Middleman," "John Needham's Double," "The Professor's Love Story." He still retains the last named piece in his active repertory, but he has recently been prompted to attempt parts for which he is not well suited. "The Fool's Revenge," Tom Taylor's old play, in which Edwin Booth was seen at his best, is only possible nowadays when the part of the unhappy, vindictive jester is played by an actor so great that his genius can cover up its artificialities and make it seem human. This Mr. Willard does not succeed in doing. He acts the rôle, and from the technical viewpoint he gives an excellent performance. But it leaves one cold. He fails to awaken sympathy. There is something lacking. His fool is too noisy, too obvious. In the scene in the second act when he tells the story of his wrong to his daughter, he is tender, eloquent, convincing enough. But in the last act when his cherished child is doomed, he fails to depict convincingly the agony that must be in his heart. Miss Lonnon makes a beautiful stage figure, but her performance is colorless. Later, Mr. Willard was seen in a stage version of Kipling's "The Man Who Was." It proved a weird piece, but Mr. Willard presented a striking and tragic figure as the wretched human derelict Austin Limmason.

Manager "Jean" Jacques Dead

Eugene Leslie Jacques, 52, one of the best known theatrical managers in New England, died suddenly of heart failure at Smith's Hotel, Milford Point, Conn., on the morning of Monday, December 4. Few theatrical men in America had a wider circle of friends than Mr. Jacques, and he was known to them all familiarly as "Jean." In 1886 Mr. Jacques built the first real theatre in Waterbury, and for many years it was the only one. In 1892 he built a splendid dance hall, and in 1897 became a partner with S. Z. Poli in the control of the theatrical interests in Waterbury, taking sole charge of Jacques's Opera House and Poli's Theatre.

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Among the Dramatic Students

THE dramatic students have been very busy since the season opened and at a series of public exhibitions have given good evidence that they have not been wasting their time. The American Academy of Dramatic Arts, so ably conducted by Franklin Sargent, has given a number of public performances. The first of these took place Nov. 22 at the Empire Theatre when four new one-act plays were presented. "The Piper's Pay," a satirical comedy by Margaret Cameron, deals with the collecting mania as applied to hotel spoons, etc., and proved a rather talky vehicle. Margaret Wise found the leading rôle, that of a society woman who "collects," rather beyond her reach. Esther Miller was slightly too strenuous as the detective. Others in the cast were Catharine Outhwaite, Frances Hare and Florence Huntington. Another piece, "Images of the Mind," was written by Frederick Solger, a member of last year's junior class. There are two characters only and the subject is somewhat morbid. A mountaineer has married a woman of dissolute character and taken her to live in his hut on the mountains. During his absence, a thunderstorm breaks, and the woman becomes a raving maniac, the storm and the loneliness of the place being too much for her. As a study in insanity, the playlet was scarcely satisfactory, it being too trifling a treatment of a pretty big subject. Joseph Bergin did well as the mountaineer, and Norrie Lamb had one or two good moments as the woman. Other pieces on the program were "The Best Man Wins," an East Side low comedy by Anna Wynne, and "Tidings from Yorktown," a Revolutionary play by Stacey Hutchings.

The second exhibition took place Dec. 7, when two plays were presented, "A Queen's Messenger," a drama in one act by J. Hartley Manners, and "The Other Fellow," a three-act comedy by Mary Barnard Horne. In the first piece Margaret Von Ruttenstein gave a surprisingly good performance of a Russian lady who drugs a queen's messenger to secure important state papers. Walter Lamb was wholly amateurish. The other piece was a complicated affair, rather dull in the telling. Frederick C. Patterson and H. D. Benson distinguished themselves, and Myra Leigh made a hit as Lady Helen.

On Tuesday, November 28th, a performance was given by the pupils of the Stanhope-Wheatcroft Dramatic School, on the school stage. Four one-act plays and several scenes from Shakespeare were presented. The work of the students was commendable for its earnestness and the noticeable absence of staginess.

The next entertainment at the school took place on December 22, and in March and April the public performances, at one of the larger Broadway theatres, will be given.

The prize of \$100 offered by Mrs. Wheatcroft for the most interesting one-act play has been won by Pauline Phelps and Marion Short, of the firm of Phelps & Short. The title of the successful play is "St. Cecelia." The authors were also responsible for "Hallowe'en and Candle-light," produced three seasons ago.

January the 8th will see the commencement of the mid-winter term of the School.

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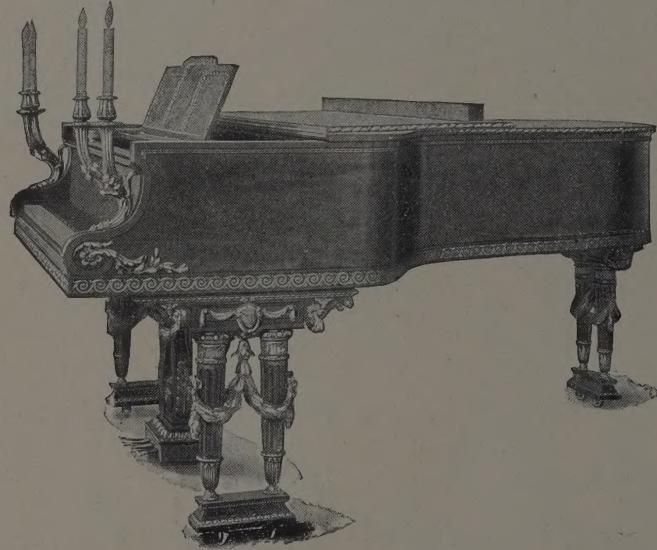
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